NUMBER 7

NEAR MINT

A FANZINE FOR STUDENTS FANS PROS COMIC BOOKS OLD MOVIES ART

THIS ISSUE FEATURING THE GREEN HORNET

$3

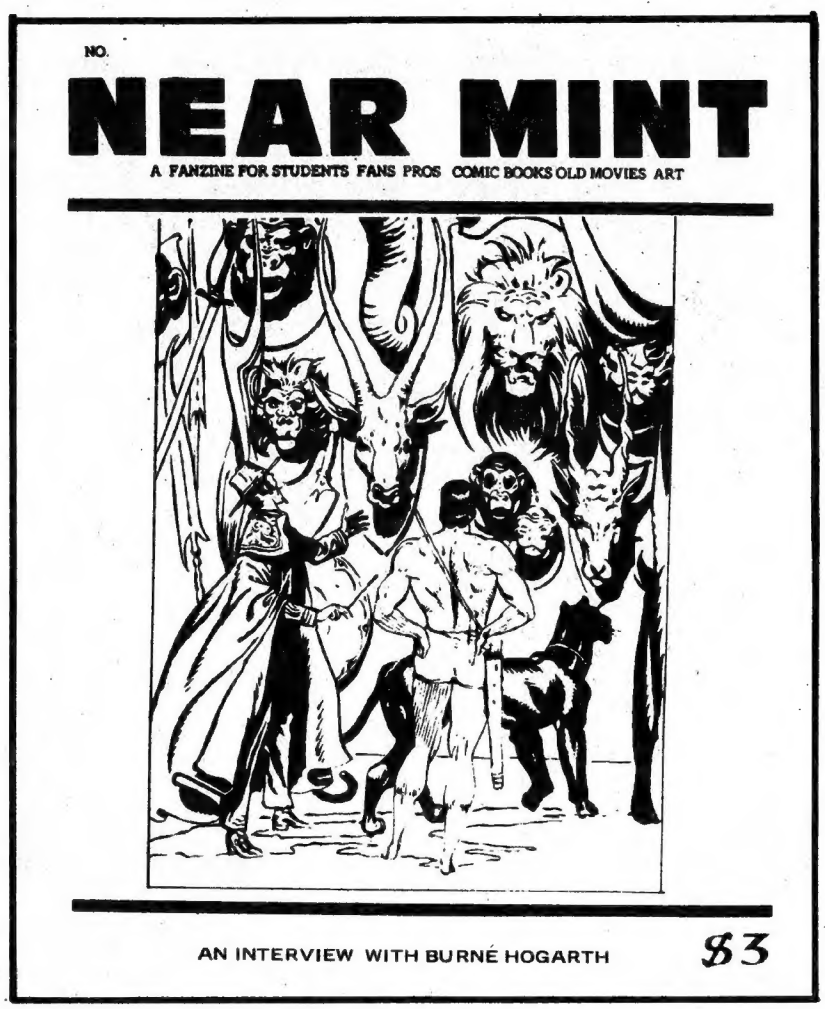
NO. 7

NEAR MINT

A FANZINE FOR STUDENTS FANS PROS COMIC BOOKS OLD MOVIES ART

AN AL DELLINGES PUBLICATION

***NEAR MINT** is a new magazine devoted to thoes who love good art, good old movies and good comic related stories, where ever thay may be found. I grew up with comics and great films, most of which were produced in the late thirties and forties. In searching for material for this book, I've come accross tons of gret features and articles that have been hidden too long. Our purpose is to share this entertainment with our readers and they can help by sharing thier long lost art related stories with us. If there's a memory of sorts, that brings a snicker or chuckle to the jaw line, send it along. If you send art work, please do not send originals, prints and good Xerox copies work just fine for reproductive purposes.*



NO. 8

NO.
NEAR MINT
A FANZINE FOR STUDENTS FANS PROS COMIC BOOKS OLD MOVIES ART
NO. 1 - WEREWOLF!
THIS ISSUE FEATURING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
$3

NO. 9

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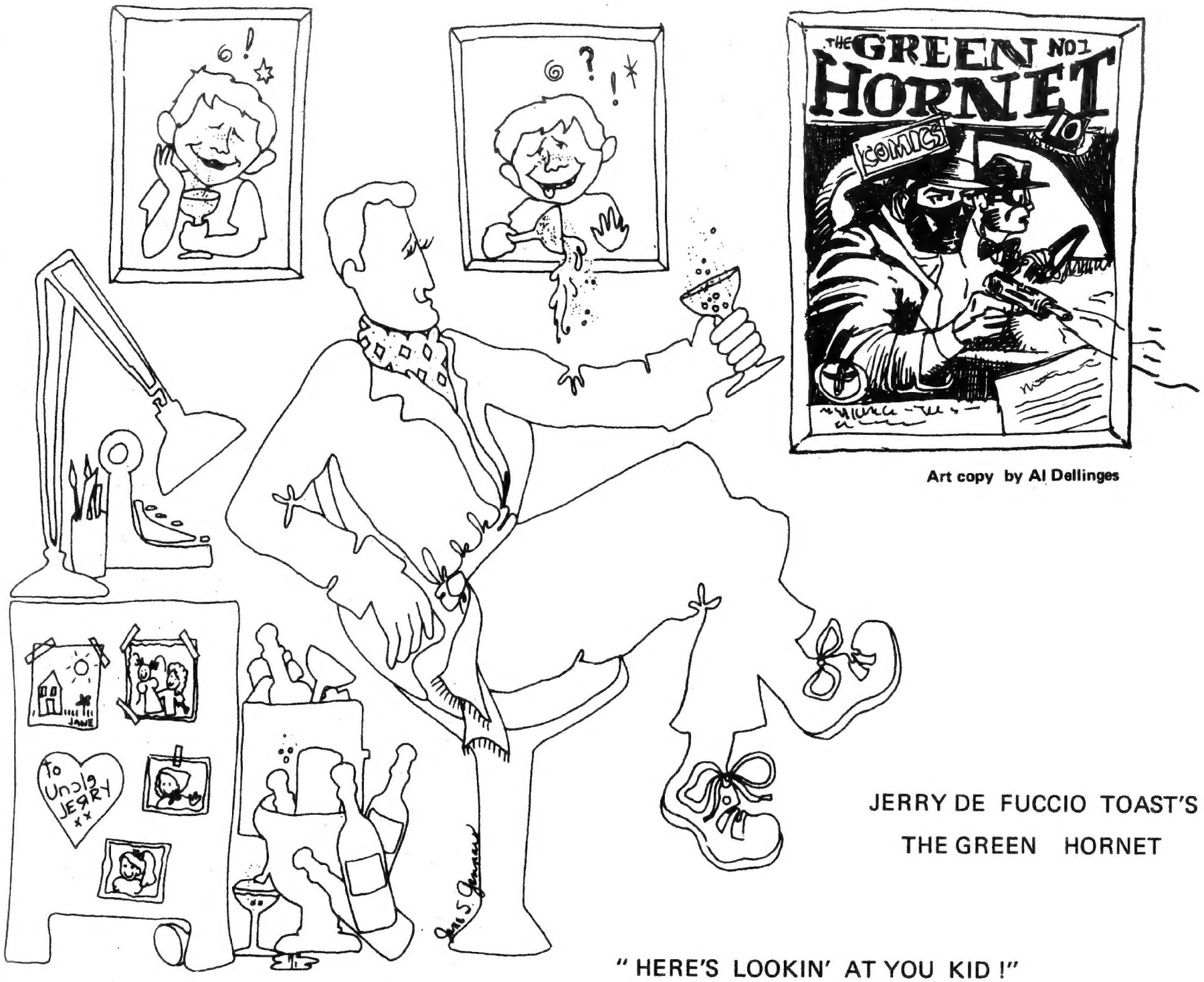


Art copy by Al Dellinges

JERRY DE FUCCIO TOAST'S
THE GREEN HORNET

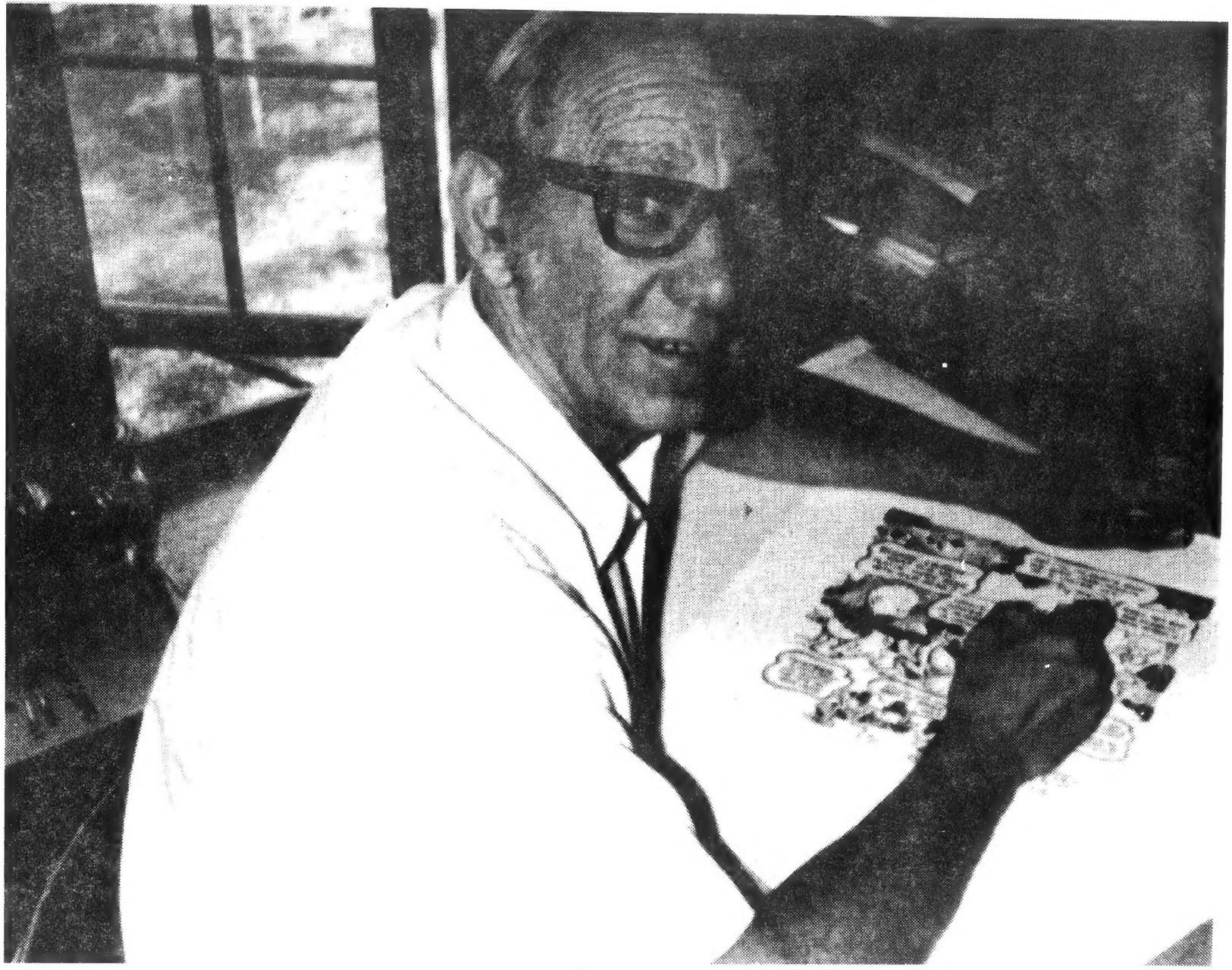
" HERE'S LOOKIN' AT YOU KID !"

Diplomatic courier Jerry De Fuccio visits radio station WXYZ in Detroit under the MAD banner only to find, the legends of the forties, The Green Hornet and The Lone Ranger, to be all but forgotten. The late John Hodiak, Al"Captain Video" Hodges and Mike Wallace were all participants in those original radio shows that brought us all so much pleasure, and now, only the sounds of silence remain. No monuments, no shrines, only disapointments that our heros have been forgotten.

Not by all however, for one of Jerry's prized possessions is a recreation of Green Hornet Comics cover number 1, by C. C. Beck, enlarged 50%, it was originally done in pulp technique and vastly improved by Mr. Beck.

Incase you're not familiar with the illo, G.H. is firing his gas gun from the window of the Black Beauty and Kato is concentrating on his driving, wearing those great goggles from the forties. Thanks to C.C. Beck's imagination and flexibility, he substituted the modern mask which Bruce Lee used in the short lived TV version of the Green Hornet, starring Van Williams.

As for the original comic book itself, and, as in the case of many vintage comics, the cover illo was great and the inside pages were terrible. How often did Jerry, and many of us too, plunk down your dime on the strenght of the cover art alone. How true, as the old saying goes, "You can't judge a book by its cover".



BOB BINDIG shown here at work on his tribute to **WALT KELLY** drawing

A WORD ABOUT BOB BINDIG

HEY! OL' CHURCHY'S DOIN' HIS BIRD IMMY-TASHUN OF A OYSTER-ITCH!
HMMM NOT BAD FOR STARTIN' FROM SCRATCH!
HEIGHDY, CHURCHY! WHAT FOR YOU PLAYIN' HIDEY-SEEK WITH YOUR HEAD?
LOOKIE UP YONDER POGO, OL' NUMBER 13 IS UPON US!
DO THAT BE A ANT HILL?
NOPE.. BUT I HAD A UNCLE HILL ONCT, "WHAT-IN-THE" SAM HILL HE WAS CALLED!
THIRTEEN IS YOUR POINT... NOT COUNTIN' THE ONE ON YOUR HEAD!
STICKS AND STONES MAY BASH MY BONES BUT NAMES I CAN'T REMEMBER!
DEAL!
with sincere apologies to Walt Kelly whom I've admired for years!
BOB BINDIG '80

Bob loved to draw for as long as he can remember and used to copy all the famous comic strip characters. His mom used her own hair tied to match sticks to make brushes for him. (that,s love). When Bob was about twelve, he took the "RAYE BURNS" course in cartooning. It cost $2.95 for 26 lessons and an extra ten bucks if you wanted your work corr ected. Bob went for the whole bundle and learned a great deal from the course.

Bob is a freelance artist specializing in advertising and cartooning. He is a member of the National Cartoonist Society in the Advertising Division. At one of their meetings, Bob once met some of the real "greats", wonderful guys, down to earth humans, including Milton Caniff, Hal Foster, Mort Walker, Burne Hogarth, Dik Browne, Jack Tippit, Frank Springer, Dick Rockwell, and John Cullen Murphy, all great guys.

As a freelance artist, he has no special time schedule, working when the work is there, and worry when it isn't, but finds he works best, under pressure in the evening hours. Bob is still trying for a comic strip but hasen't made it yet. He likes to use a #2, #3, #4 brush and after forty years is just learning to use a pen. Bob is a bit of a loner, in that he doesn't care much for todays comic strips, prefering the better drawn stuff from the thirties and forties, by his favorites, Milton Caniff, Bud Sickles, Hal Foster, Alex Raymond, Leonard Starr, Walt Disney style and Walt Kelly.

Bob does all kinds of art work, ads, posters and enjoys doing slide presentations for sales meetings, they give him more freedom and use of more cartoon work, and when things are slow, he works on everything from package designs to signs, but always tries to incorporate cartoons where ever he can.

Bob lives in the little town of Orchard Park, about sixteen miles south of Buffalo New York and his family consists of two boys and three girls. His youngest daughter showed a lot of artistic talent but when she saw how her dad had to struggle, she became a Word Processor instead.

Bob has a pleasant attitude about an art career, and says, "If you like to draw, stick with it, you may not make a lot of money but it makes a great hobby and you can always draw ducks and bunnies for your grandchildren. I believe that you have to like what you,re doing to be a success at anything, if you don,t like crazy hours and pressure work get out of the business, but if you like to draw, nothing will stop you. Copy the work of other artists you admire, you can't sell it, but it's good training, and you will soon develope your own style, after all, people who play the piano don't write their own songs, you play other peoples work until you get the hang of it. Pratice, pratice, pratice".

Cartooning may have saved Bob's life. During WW II, he was sent to the Philippines as a medic, a company aid man. It was his custom to draw little cartoons on the letters he sent home to his wife and one day was called up to hearquaters regarding them. Bob thought he was to be shot as a spy for sending home coded messages, but instead was offered a chance to change his military operation. Would he rather be an artist than an aid man. Not being the blood and guts hero type he had admired in comic strips, Bob took the job. Drawing training aids, posters, booklets, etc. and eventually a comic strip on the children's page in a Korean newspaper for the Military Govt. in Korea. His only published strip.

GARY ARLINGTON'S PLANS FOR THE COMIC BOOK INDUSTRY

I have been working in a retail comic book store for thirteen years. They call it The San Francisco Comic Book Company.

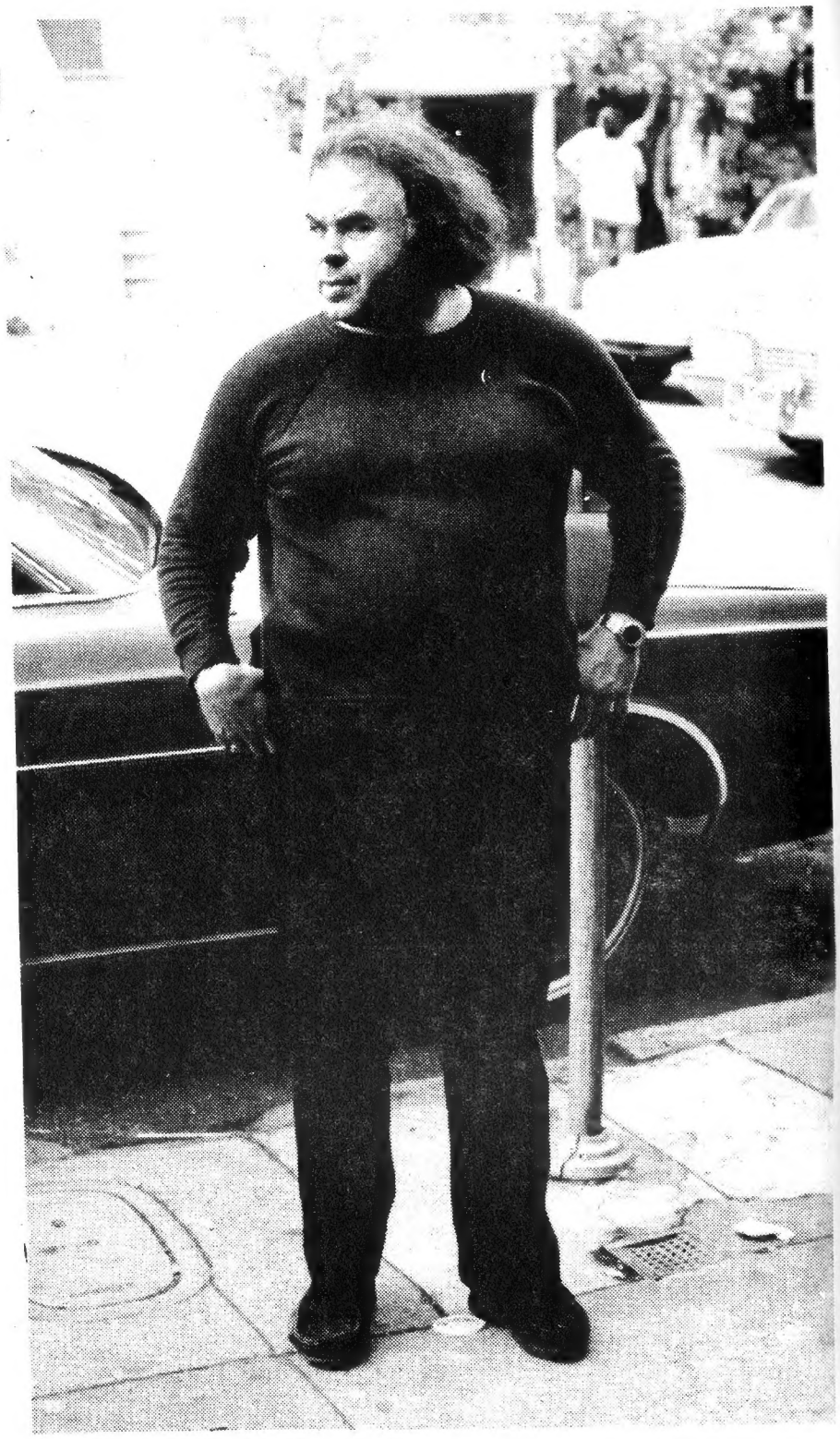
Having watched the underground comix book industry from the start, I find myself with many important ideas. If I were to take over Marvel or DC Comics, or both, this is what I would do. I would give people like Jim Starlin, Wally Wood,Barry Smith, Jim Steranko, Johnny Craig, Alex Toth, Jack Davis, Joe Kubert,John Severin Marie Severin, John Byrne and B. Wrightson their own books. What I mean, is that each person would be editor of said book. They would decide who does the writing and art. Of course they could do some or all of the art. For instance, Jim Steranko could ask Wally Wood to help him on say, "Cheap Fire Maidens Of Mars".

These books could sell for $2.00 and be printed on better paper. They should be kept in print if they are a good sellout. For something to sit on a newstand for a few weeks and then gone forever, isn't right. They should be comic book store items . The artists and writers should share the profits with the publishers. This way you would have better books.

Old E.C. horror artist Johnny Craig had a story in the comic, "Mystery In Space", and now, that issue is history. It is out of print and if you want a copy it will cost you extra from your local comic shop.

Someday you will walk into a comic book store and be able to purchase a reprint of any Golden Age Comic.

Back to our subject, the industry. I know a man who draws one of the Marvel books every month. He lives in the east. He wrote me once, that the writer of his books is not doing a very good job, the artist is unhappy, but there is nothing he can do about it, he says, it's all politics. The Editor is a close friend of the writer.



Gary Arlington in a recent photo

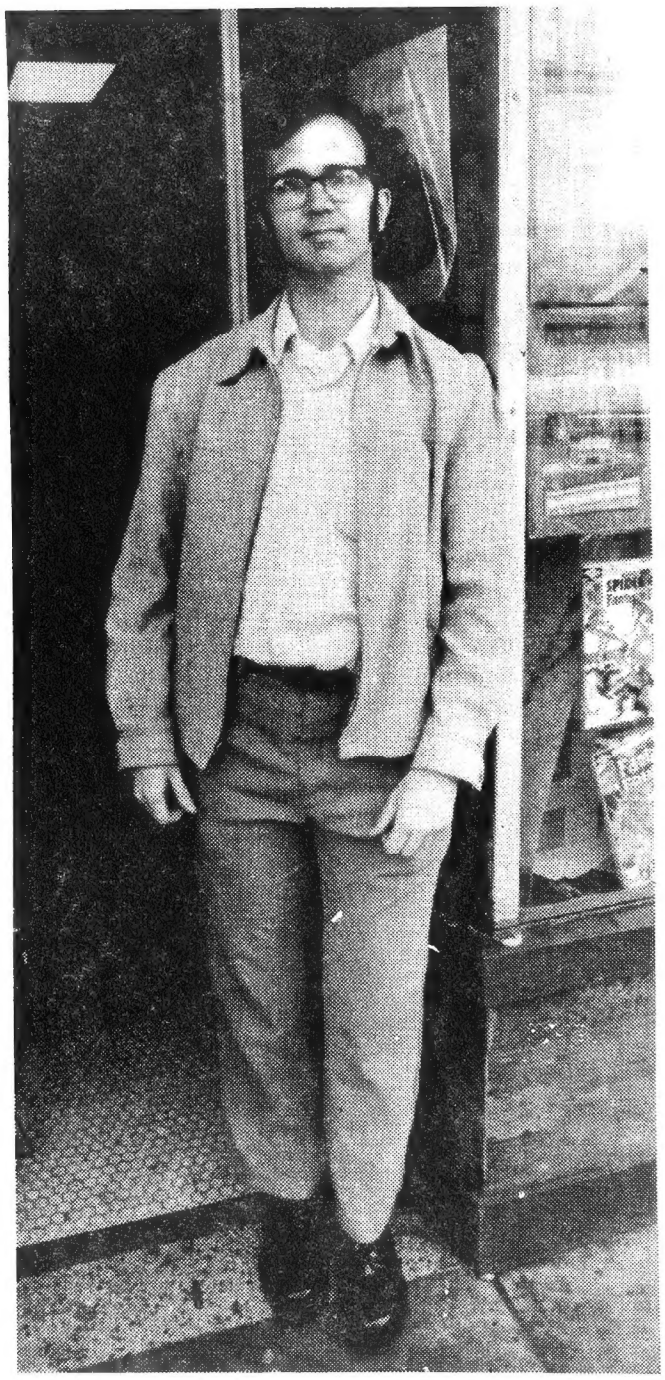
If you give the real talent their own books, you would see some real books.

What is real interesting, is the fact that there is tons of terrific talent on the face of the earth. The trouble is, that we are not getting it.

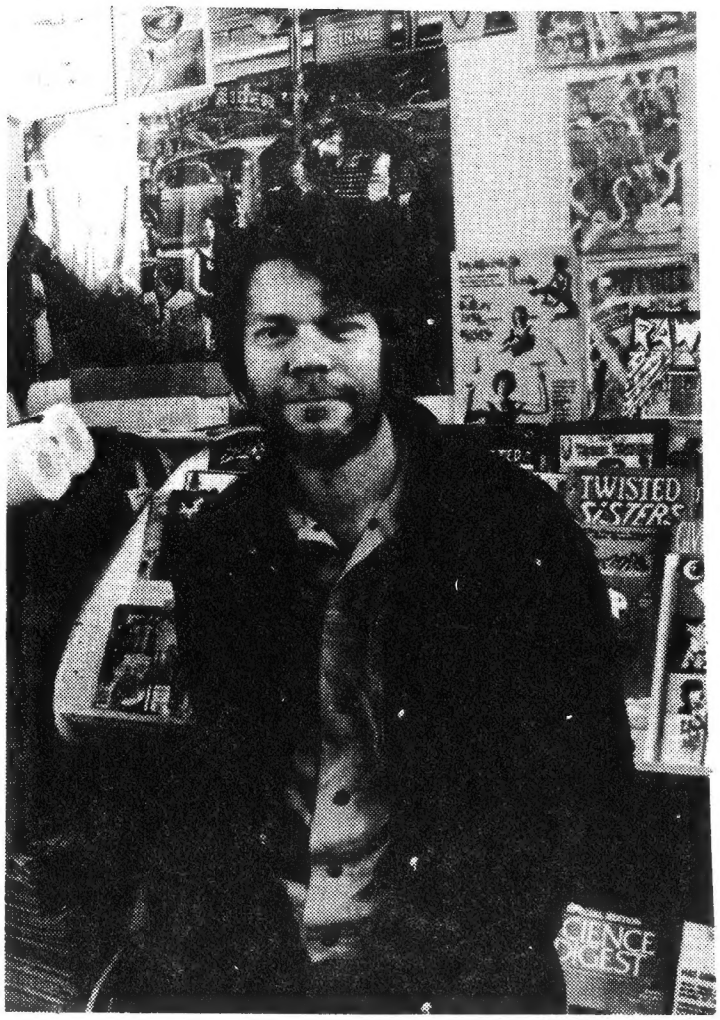
GARY ARLINGTON, THE GREATEST EC FAN IN THE UNIVERSE

Gary Arlington in front of his shop near Mission Street in San Francisco

Scott's Comic Shop, just a few doors away from Gary's, they deal in back issues.



Alan Hose', an employee



Roger Brand, a frequent visitor to the shop

They refuse to let us experience it for one reason or another. There are artists and writers who are so great, it's mind blowing. They are not writing or drawing great stories for us. The question is, why not? Perhaps, it's because of you. So many are in to buying stuff so it may be sold as a profit later. The artist and writer don't get any of this future extra money, so why should they create anything good.. The EC artist's of the fifties are now seeing their original art being sold and resold for even higher prices. I am sure they share in the first sale, but after that, it's sold many more times and they don't see one cent. Why should they make money for you and not themselves.

If a great writer-artist team make a great book, the investors will make the real bucks in future years, a problem that may never be solved.

Anyway, it would be nice to see some great books from Marvel and D.C., infact, they could come from anywhere. It's all in the tearms of energy. A young child knows good stuff from junk. When the newest shipment of books arrives in my store, there are people who want to buy the books but have to wait until the next shipment, as the books that just arrived are "low energy".

Remember gang, it has to be a hit. Never give up. Always try to publish only the best.

Gary Arlington

Rap with Ray

THE HORNET STING

Doubtless everyone that reads this has seen the movie starring Paul Newman and Robert Redford entitled, "The Sting". They went to elaborate lengths to set up the big time wealthy gambler for the take. Namely, they took the sucker, or to put it simply, he got stung!

But long before that movie, there was another that worked on a similar princible, though with different results. Instead of going after the money, he went after men. Yes, I.m sure you all know of whom I speak, namely the one and only, "Green Hornet"! When I hear that theme song, "The flight Of The Bumble Bee", I still get a chill recalling the thrill of his amazing and daring adventures on screen, radio, T.V., comics, funnypapers, and comic books. There was one paper back, "The Infernal Light", written about the modern T.V. Green Hornet, and, well written I might add.

The radio programs were entertaining, especially after seeing the old movie serials. Though "The Fighting Devildogs" serial

is concidered by most to be the greatest of all serials, to me personally, it will always be "The Green Hornet", he just had no equal, and though they were out in 1940, never released since. I still vividly recall the thrills of the bumble bee humming given off by the Black Beauty, and the look of fear and consternation as they heard it, by both police and crooks alike.

Time and time again at the end of each chapter I thought the Hornet was done in, but he always came through. Of course they stretched the escape a bit from the last showing, but who cared as long as he survived!

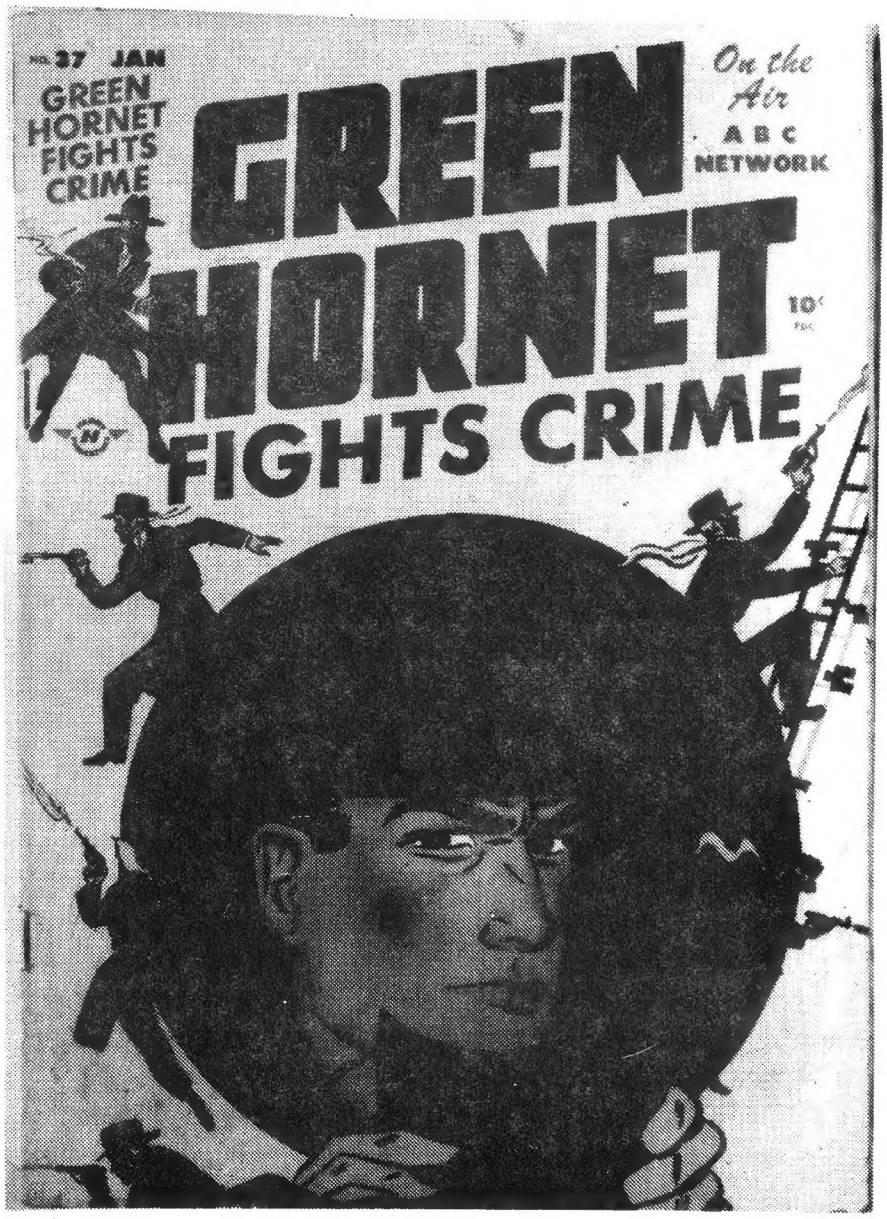
In one chapter the criminals rigged a safe to explode when its door was opened, and the chapter ended with the G.H. and Kato opening the door, everything explod ing! Everyone held their bre aths as G.H. worked the dial (he could crack any lock or safe) and you could have heard a pin drop in that theater! We knew the bad guys had the safe rigged, but just maybe it wouldn't blow,, just maybe...., and then he turned the latch and pulled on the heavy steel door, causing the entire movie screen to be filled with smoke and debr is , accompanied by the roar of the blast! To be continued...

Several lifetimes would drag by, but finally Friday night would arrive(who could wait untill Saturday afternoon?) and I'd file into the theater to see just how (provided he survived, and I need-not have feared, as he always did) he got out of the predictament he was in when I last saw him?

There G.H. was, working the dial of the safe, unaware of the peril that awaited him when he opened the door. He started to turn the knob, then stopped and produced from his pocket some twine or wire, tied it to the safe's handle, mot-ioned Kato to get behind the couch with him accross the room, and pulled the door open, causing the explossion to take place just as witnessed last week, but slightly differently done. Who cared? He made it didn't he?

The next scene would be the crooks on a train, celebrating the demise of my hero, when through the sound of clicking tracks and wheels (made when wheels pass-over connecting sections of rails), and the chugging of the puffing steam engine, a new sound would penetrate! As it grew louder, a look of fear and disbelief would come over the gloating faces of the crim - inals, and all would rush to the train car windows, to see the sleek Black Beauty smoothly gaining with ease upon the speed-ing train! NO, it can't be!?! The Green Hornet! "As the old saying went, Give your soul to God boys, for your ass belongs to The Green Hornet!"

Keye Luke and the Green Hornet keep tabs on the racketeers.



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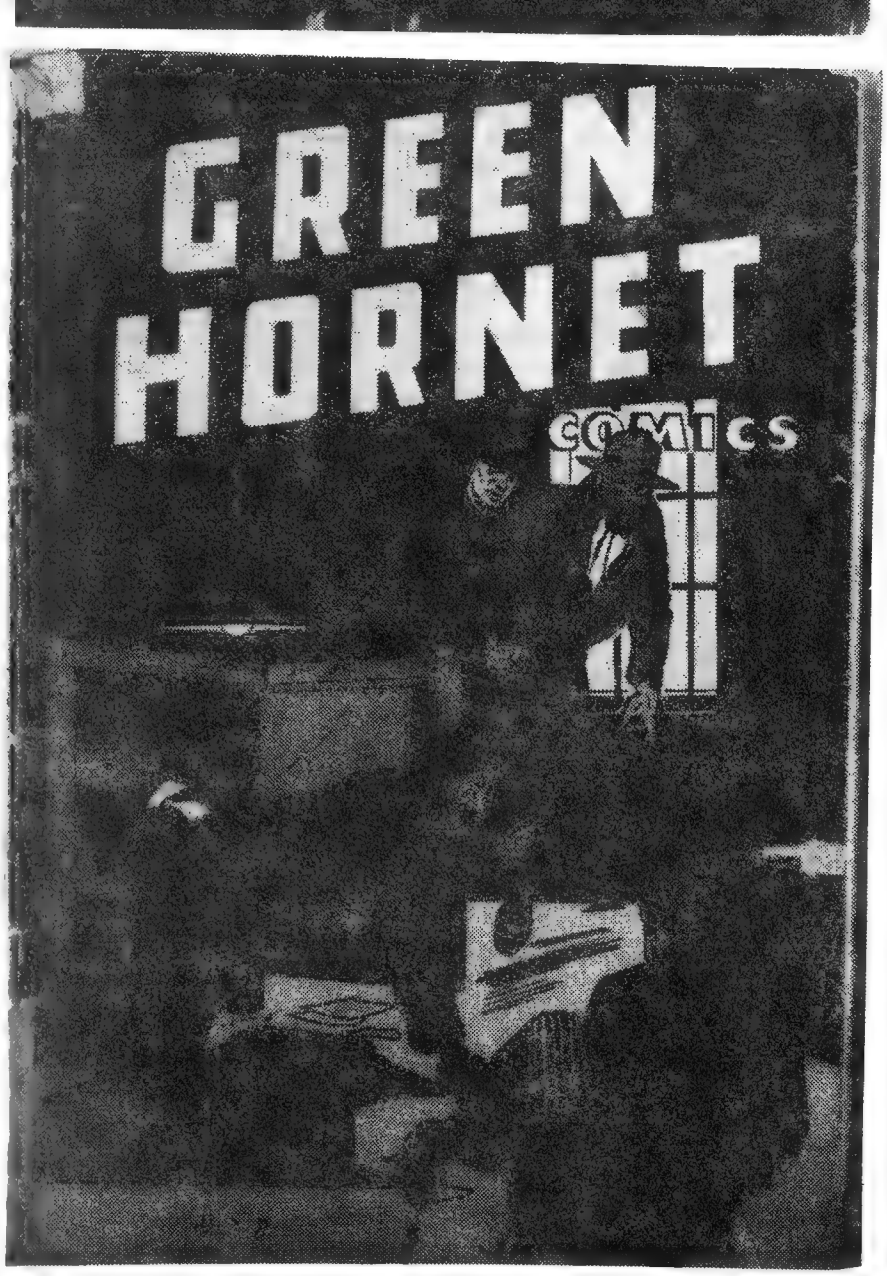

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Another time, the G. H. was driving an armored car along a tortuous narrow winding mountain road. He had rescued its payload from the criminals and was returning it to be found by the law. What he didn't know was that they'd monkeyed with the brakes, so that if used much, they'd go out. Comes the steep downgrade that winds around the side of the mountain, and down he starts, but oh so slowly. Then as the truck gains momentum, G.H. steadily works the brakes....., then they go, and now he's frantically pumping the brake pedal, trying to get some response, but his desperate efforts fail. Kato following behind in the Black Beauty suddenly gets a look of panic on his face as he witnesses his partners predictament.With a burst of speed, the armored car races forward and plunges over the edge of the cliff. How high was it? I don't know, as it was night time, but most likely, several thousand feet straight down. To be continued next week.....(Damn!).

Next Week, the brakes start going, and the G.H. jumps out, letting the truck take the plunge without him. Kato picks him up and they continue on. This was next to the last chapter of the serial, as at the end of this chapter, G.H. is battling the arch criminal hand to hand (Ithink this took place at a carnival) in a burning building , when the wall, then the roof fell in on them, and the words appeared against the flames, 'To Be Continued!' 'Honest Injun, that's exactly what happened.

You may think the continuation would show the funeral of the Green Hornet, but nay, as he's come thru worse than this, and survived, and he'll do so now. After seeing the other serial and all former chapters of this one, you have reached the point that you know he'll get out of it, but can't wait to see just exactly how. There they are fighting (the baddie is using clubs, throwing things, and kicking, as all bad guys did in those days), when suddenly G.H. delivers the telling blow (beautifully timed right cross to the jaw) and the crook collapses unconcious. A crack-

RAY FUNK

ing of timbers makes G.H. aware of their impending doom. You can see the rapid speculating and calculating look in the cool-ly intelligent (above average) eyes of G.H. as he realizes that in a split second they've both bought it, unless he springs to safety! But, can he make it? Then to top it off, do you think he saves himself? No-Sir-Ree! Not the G.H. He bends down and gets hold of the man that has been trying to kill him throughout the entire serial, and takes the villian outside to safety with him, just getting well clear of the building before it falls in! Everyone rushes around for a look as G.H. unmasks the villian. You see, G.H. doesn't have a heckuva lotta time to spend in one spot, as the cops think he's a killer (a frame of mistaken identity, of course) so he gotta split the scene shortly.

Off comes the mask, and all gasp in astonishment, as recognizing the mastermind criminal, we hear him say disgustingly, "How'd you find out it was me, son?" Not really. Just had to test your sense of humor a bit.

Wende Wagner

I don't remember who the villian actually was, but it was someone important that you would never suspect. Gassing him and sticking one of his stickers to the crooks forehead, the G.H. would leave the scene and the last scene would show him at home as Britt Reed and the D.A.would be telling him how they almost caught the G.H., and would next time. They'd laugh, and the rolling of the violin would come in starting the "Flight of the Bumble Bee" and the words, "The End", would appear on the screen. That was the thing I hated to see, all good things in life come to an end.

The Green Hornet wore a mask over the bottom half of his face with an inverted gas mask, and used a gas gun on his enemies. One whiff, and they were instantly out. A lot of times the Black Beauty would come buzzing around the corner of the police station, and as the door opened, out would hurtle a trussed in rope body, unconscious, with a Green Hornet sticker glued to his forehead.

The serial would start with music, "The Flight of the Bumble bee" and a large bumblebee would be moving upon the screen as the words, "The Green Hornet" followed and then, the cast of characters, and then the foreword of what had transpired in the previous chapter.

The Green Hornet could do all the great stuff a hero should do. He swung from building to building by rope to save Miss Case, would walk on the ledges of high buildings, could fight like a demon, and would never quit, no matter how bad things looked. Kato, his valet was mechanic and driver of the Black Beauty, a car unexcelled in speed and performance by any other car in existance. The B.B. was garaged in a desereted wharehouse facing a seldom used street that just happened to be built next to the apartment house that the G.H. lived in. A secret bookcase in Reed's study was the doorway that led down a stairway to the big sleek car. The deserted wharehouse would suddenly have a silent automatically opening door, and out would roll the car of cars, the one and only,

Black Beauty.

The Green Hornet, who in reality was handsome Britt Reed, editor and publisher of the Daily Sentinel. In plain Language, he was filthy rich. To fight crime as he did, you had to be rich. A poor man couldn't afford it, and he had an 'IN' with the D.A. so that he could find out just who was wanted by the law, so he always knew where to deliver his sting. And in like movie of this type, he would make the crooks think he was on their side to gain their confidence, and then lower the boom.

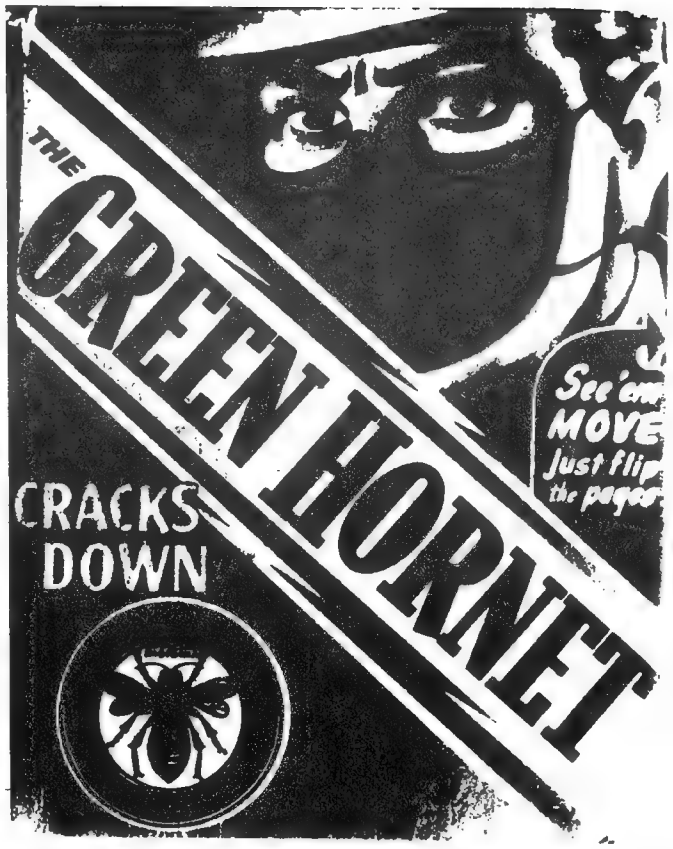
On radio it was, "The Green Hornet, he hunts the biggest of all game, the public enemies number one", and later as the war drew to a close, it was changed to, "Those who try to destroy our America". No matter who the super hero was, when we went to war, so did they, even the cowboys fought the Nazis and Japs.

On radio however, he wasn't quite as good, mostly due to the story being limited to only a half hour. Had it been like " I Love A Mystery", 15 minutes for each episode, and leaving you cliff-hanging as in the G. H. serials, I believe it would have excelled. I still enjoy playing the records and tapes I have of those old shows.

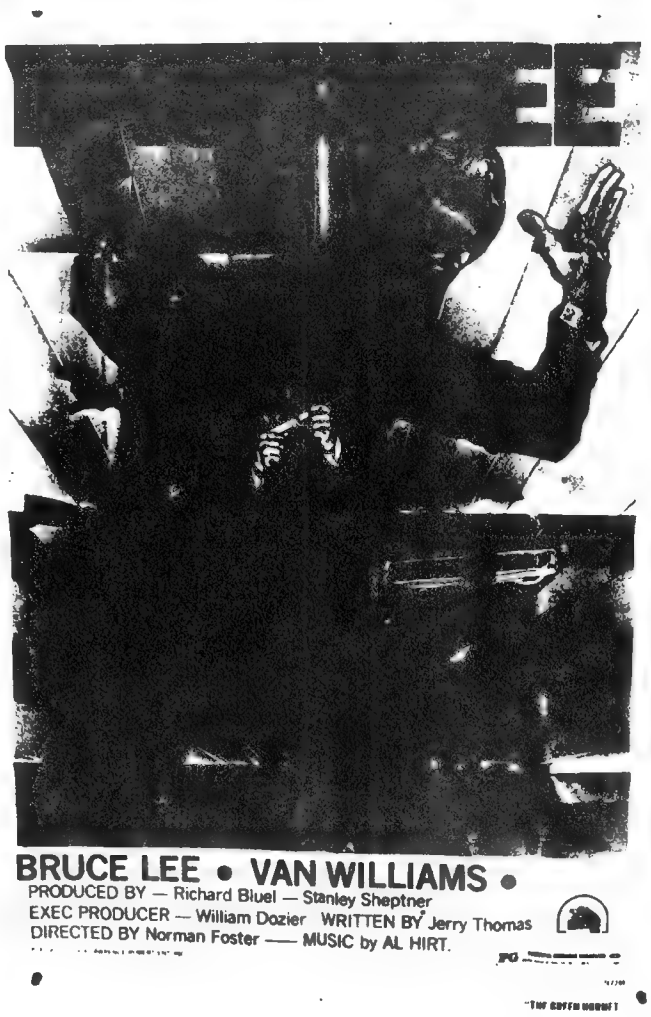
Unlike the Shadow, The Green Hornet never made the pulps, but I suspect he may have been better, for that matter, "The Whisperer", a series that ran for some time in the Shadow mag. before getting its own mag. , was better than the Shadow, in my opinion.

There were only two G.H. serials, both made in 1940, the first starring Gordon Jones and Keye Luke (Kato) entitled, "The Green Hornet", and had 13 chapters.

The second starred Warren Hull and again, Keye Luke and titled appropriately, "The Green Hornet Strikes Again", consisting of 15 chapters and, they have never been re-released, perhaps, because Universal is afraid that people might enjoy seeing something decent for a change.



COVER ILLO LITTLE BIG BOOK


BRUCE LEE • VAN WILLIAMS •
PRODUCED BY — Richard Bluel — Stanley Sheptner
EXEC PRODUCER — William Dozier WRITTEN BY Jerry Thomas
DIRECTED BY Norman Foster —— MUSIC by AL HIRT.

GREEN HORNET POSTER FROM T.V. SHOW

The Green Hornet was revived on television, starring Van Williams in the title role, Wendy Wagner as Miss Case and, Bruce Lee as Kato. The updated version jazzed up the "Flight Of The Bumblebee" theme and it was excellent, in fact I bought the album, it was so good.

The new show was a bit different from the original version, they used a stinger (shocker) in place of the gas gun to render the crooks helpless. His mask over the eyes instead of the lower face, and Kato was kicking crooks teeth all over the place. It too was a great series, and I'd still be watching re-runs if they were showing them , just as I usually do Star Trek, etc.

In the early G.H.'s, Kato left most of the fighting to the boss, but not Bruce Lee. None of my friends at work would miss a show and then all week long, we'd talk about Kato's exploits. Now, there was one big mistake and that was when they put G.H. and Batman together. BAD BAD BAD, how many times must I say it. Batman was toung-in-cheek, and the cast included top actors, and the show worked. Green Hornet was a serious show and there was absolutely no continuity. The exect. that arranged for that particular episode should be sent to the rock pile.

The comic and Big Little Books of the Green Hornet just couldn't bring off the desired drama and suspense that you could get from a radio or T.V. show. Several of the continued T.V. shows were combined into a single movie, and if shown locally, I would go and see it today, gladly.

As with most comic book and serial or radio characters, there were premiums, like the G.H. stickers , stamp pads, gas guns, caps and from the TV show there were plastic kits of G.H., Kato, The Black Beauty, water and cap pistols, some of which I got for my boys.

One particular note of some importance was that Green Hornet was molded after a relative of his, none other than the Lone Ranger!

Dan Reid, nephew of the L.R. (son of the L.R.'s brother that died in the ambush after getting the Lone Ranger to care for the boy) grew up and started the newspaper, The Daily Sentinel, which he left to his son BrittReid, who was The Green Hornet. Like the Lone Ranger, The Green Hornet had the fastest conveyance, one a white horse named Silver, the other, an auto, The Black Beauty, no need to tell you the color. Both crime fighters had side kicks of different nationalities, one an Indian, the other, a Japanese, though during the second world war, we had so many bigoted people that Kato had to change his nationality to Chinese, but during TV series, Bruce Lee who actually was Chinese, played the part as a Japanese. Neither L.R. or G.H. ever Killed anyone, but always let the wheels of justice grind out their course. The L.R.'s calling card was a silver bullet, G.H. left a sticker or green colored stamp on the criminals skin. Also perhaps must included Kato's calling card, many of crooks teeth that he had kicked out.

Like The Shadow, The Green Hornet come out in only 3 Big Little Books. The Lone Ranger had quite a few including a Dell Fast Action Book, printed by Whitman. All these books were done by different artists, as was true of the comic books also. The later Lone Rangers were drawn by Henry Valley, who also did the Whitman book.

The Green Hornet had two comic book runs, the first was by Harvey and the latter, based on the TV show by Gold Key and featured photos of Van Williams and Bruce Lee in costume on the covers.

It's too bad all these guys and even Spy Smasher can't be brought back in serial form, remember, none Of the above hero's had any special super powers, being ordinary mortals , winning on their skills and wits, which we can all relate to in real life. All have passed into oblivion, replaced by shows that test your intelligence. If anyone has more data on G.H., I would like to hear from you. Maybe.... just maybe some day we'll hear the Flight Of The Bumblebee theme and either hear or see the Green Hornet in action again, until then, we'll just have to stay stung!

A brief rundown on various G.H. publications are;

a total of 51 comics, 47 by Harvey, one from Dell Four Color #496, 3 from Gold Key based on the TV series.

Two serials from Universal studios, three Big Little Books from Whitman, a hard-cover book, "The Case of The Disappearing Doctar", based on the TV series, written by Brandon Keith and illustrated by Larry Pelini, 1966. Then from Dell Pub. Co., 1966, "The Infernal Light" Light" by Ed Friend.

No index available on radio programs or T.V. shows.

1 movie made up from the T.V. shows (20th Century Fox).

The following statement is from the announcement taken from the T.V. Guide, word for word, covering the G.H. show;

" The Green Hornet is a reasonably faithful translation of the old radio series. Its fearless hero is still Britt Reid, who by day is the deboniar editor of The Daily Sentinel but by night takes up the wearing of the Freen-green felt fedora, green overcoat, green muffler, green mask- to become the scourge of organized crime known as (Bzzz-zzz) The Green Hornet.

At his side is his faithful manservant, Kato, who drives the Hornet's gadget- festooned limousine, Black Beauty, and who is schooled in (T.V.G. mis-printed & had Gung) Kung Fu, an inscrutable form of hand to hand combat. The Hornet is handy with his dukes too, and he also has a pair of non-lethal, but potent weapons- a Hornet Gun which shoots immobilizing gas, and the Hornet Sting which releases supersonic sound waves- to keep his enemies honest. Van Williams has the title role, with Bruce Lee as Kato, and Lloyd Gough, Walter Brooke and Wende Wagner in supporting parts. The show is produced by William Dozier, the man behind "Batman". Unlike Batman, However, the Green Hornet will have no cliffhangers and no recurring villians. And it's not intentionally funny".

Later there was a write up that went as follows;

"For months producer William Dozier proclaimed loudly and clearly how different Green Hornet would be from Batman, especially that it would not be an imitation of that successful program. Unfortunately Mr. Dozier made a mistake, not in his pronouncements, but in not attempting another Batman. The latter, at least has style and a distinctly clever character of its own . All Green Hornet has is everything green . We suspect that Van Williams will soon be asking that he be allowed to keep his green mask own throughout all the programs so that he won't be recognized when he goes out in public. In short, the Green Hornet is a very sorry disapointment, that I can't see amusing even the kids."

There is what a T.V. program critic had to say, and ofcourse he is welcome to his opinion. The Green Hornet show is long gone, and thankfully, so is the critic. Repeating, I enjoyed the show and never made a comparison with the Batman show, it was good variety. Not wishing any ill fealings, I hope he's fortunate enough to read this and then drop dead!

Movie serials;

Days Of Thrills And Adventure by Alan G. Barbour- Collier bks. , # 01204 (first edition 1970, soft cover, $3.95), containing listing of all movie serials with photos.

Comic books;

Comic book Price Guide by Bob Overstreet, Howard Keltner's "Index To Golden Age Comic Books" published by Jerry Bails, Collector"s Guide; The First Heroic Age by Jerry Bails, "Who's Who Of American Comic Books (4 volumes) again by Bails Michael Resnick and Hal L. Cohen.

Big Little Books;

Resnick and Cohen, complete listing and numbering index by Leonard Brown of Collectors Book Store, Hollywood, California.

Paper back;

Though I have looked in Hancer's Paperback Price Guide, I can not locate it, so quote from ny own edition.

The Whitman hard cover, no number, copyrighted 1966, purchased 11/2 /67

Ray Funk

GREEN HORNET
FROM OUT OF THE DIM, DEAD ANTIQUITY THAT WAS ONCE EGYPT'S GLORY AND IS NOW ITS DUSTY PAST, STRIDES THE DREAD, SPECTOR OF MURDER, CREATING HYSTERICAL TERROR IN A GHASTLY EFFORT TO RESTORE THE MIGHT OF THE PHARAOHS! IT IS THEN THAT NIMBLE GREEN HORNET, LEAPS RECKLESSLY TO PREVENT...
"THE MUMMY MURDERS!"

JERRY ROBINSON ART GREEN HORNET COMICS NO. 29

Copyright Family Comics © 1945

NIGHT—AND THREE FUGITIVE FIGURES BUSILY WORK...

GAWSH! LAST TIME I WUZ IN A MOOSEOOM, ME OL' MAN TOOK ME, BUT WE HADDA PAY TA GET IN!

HAW! WE GOT US A FREE PASS WID DIS HANDY OL' JIMMY HERE!

CUT DA GUM-BEATING, YOUSE TWO! WE AIN'T BREAKIN' IN ONLY TA RUBBERNECK!

INSIDE

HEY, I DON' LIKE DIS PLACE, GIVES ME DA CREEPS! UH-UH-WHADDA WE DO NOW, SLATS?

WE GO SHOPPIN', GYP! SHOPPIN' FER JOOWELS! DIS JERNT'S CRAWLIN' WIT' DA STUFF!

SAY...WOT'S DIS ROOM? AN' WOT'S DAT---A COFFIN? ME...I DON'T LIKE DIS! TOO SPOOKY...

AW, SHADDUP! 'COURSE IT'S A COFFIN! AN EGYPTIAN KING, A BIGSHOT SEE, IS BURIED IN DERE! BUT DON' WORRY... HE'S BEEN DEAD T'REE T'OUSAND YEARS! C'MON, LET'S GRAB WOTEVER WE KIN CARRY!

S-SLATS! DIDJA HEAR ANYTHIN'...? (GULP) H-HUH?

C-COURSE NOT! IF I D-DID... MEBBE IT WUZ A MOUSE?...

SLATS, I TELL YUH DAT I-YA--YAAAAA!

WHO HOID A NOISE...? Y-YEOWW!

(GULP)-(GULP) W-WE AIN'T D-DOIN' NUTTIN'... (GULP...) DON' COME...

S-SLATS! PLUG 'IM-USE YOUR G-GUN-YOU DOPE!

DEATH! **DEATH!** TO THE DEFILERS OF MY TOMB!

Y-YEOWW! MY ARM'S SHAKIN'—I CAN'T AIM STRAIGHT! S-SLATS-DO SOMETIN'!

DA TING'S COMIN' AFTER ME! Y-YEOWW! S-STAY AWAY!

DEATH! **DEATH**... TO THE GRAVE-ROBBERS!

N-NO-! D-DON'T KNIFE ME! W-WE'LL D-DO ANYTHING- (GULP) YOU S-SAY!

YOU **WILL**? UHH- HUMM! IN THAT CASE YOU MAY BE USEFUL TO ME PHARAOH! I AM MONARCH OF THE WORLD-YOU ARE MY SLAVES!

S-SURE, Y-YOUR R-ROYAL HARNESS, I-I MEAN-- HIGHNESS! WHADDYA WANT US TO DO?

NEXT MORNING, INTO THE HUMMING, BUSTLING EDITORIAL OFFICES OF A GREAT METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER...

THE DAILY SENTINEL

MIKE AXFORD, EXCITABLE NEWS-HOUND...

BEJABBERS, REID, SURE AN' HAVE I GOT A YARN FER THE FINAL EDITION! SOME GANG UP AN' BROKE INTO THE CITY MUSEUM, AN' CLEAN AS RAIN, MADE OFF WIT' ALL KINDS OF EGYPTIAN STUFF!

W-WHAT?

IT'S THE STRAIGHT TRUTH I BE GIVIN' YUH, REID! GOT THE STORY FROM AN OL' COUSIN OF MINE, WOT COMES FROM COUNTY CORK! YUP! ME COUSIN'S A JANITOR AT THE MUSEUM!

LOWERY, CALL THE PRESS-ROOM! HAVE THEM YANK THAT COLUMN TWO, PAGE ONE STUFF... TELL THEM TO STAND BY FOR A FOLLOW-UP! MIKE! BANG OUT THAT STORY! I'M OFF TO THE MUSEUM MYSELF!

SOMEWHAT LATER... WITHIN THE IMPOSING SPRAWLING, STONE BUILDING HOUSING THE CITY ART TREASURES!

CITY MUSEUM

IN THE MUTED OFFICE OF THE MUSEUM'S CHANCELLOR.

CHANCELLOR, I DON'T LIKE YOUR EVADING MY QUESTIONS! I DEMAND TO KNOW EXACTLY **WHAT** WAS STOLEN FROM THE EGYPTIAN ROOM LAST NIGHT, AND WHAT YOU HAVE DONE ABOUT IT!

HARRUMPH! MY DEAR MR. REID, WHAT...ER.. MAKES YOU SAY SOMETHING WAS STOLEN? PERHAPS YOU HAVE AN...ER... OVER-ACTIVE IMAGINATION-?

OVER-ACTIVE MY AUNT MATHILDA! YOU'RE NOT TELLING THE TRUTH, CHANCELLOR. YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT I'M ON THE MUSEUM'S BOARD OF TRUSTEE'S AND I'LL BRING CHARGES AGAINST YOU!

WH-WHY... HARRUMPH! OH, MR. REID.. THERE THERE, NOW..NO REASON TO EXCITE YOURSELF! VERY WELL, I'LL TELL YOU! I'LL DO BETTER... I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT WAS STOLEN!

GOOD LORD! THEY SURE DID A GOOD JOB OF IT!-DIDN'T THEY? HMM... HAVE YOU REPORTED THIS TO THE POLICE, CHANCELLOR?

NO, NOT YET... THE PUBLICITY, YOU KNOW. BUT I **SHALL**- MR. REID, I SHALL ...ISN'T IT DREADFUL, ALL THE GLORIOUS ART TREASURES OF BEAUTIFUL EGYPT GONE-- S-STOLEN!

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, CHANCELLOR! THE POLICE'LL DO THEIR BEST TO RECOVER THE ART TREASURES!

HOW HE LOVES EGYPT AND ALL IT REPRESENTED!

I-I C-CAN'T HELP IT, MR. REID! THEY HAVE NO UNDERSTANDING, SIR, OF WHAT THE RELICS MEAN TO ME... NONE! AND NOW.. THEY'RE GONE... OUT OF MY SIGHT...

AND THIS IS WHERE ONE CROOK WAS FOUND DEAD...EH...?

OUT OF REACH...AH, THE GLORY THAT WAS ANCIENT EGYPT! LAND OF THE PHAROAHS...OF LONG-FORGOTTEN SECRETS...THIS SARCOPHAGUS... THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD! NO! CALL IT THREE THOUSAND YEARS YOUNG MARVELOUS...WONDERFUL!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE MUMMY INSIDE? THIS SARCOPHAGUS...IT'S WELL-PRESERVED, MR. REID... AH···YES, AN EGYPTIAN SECRET! SO WELL-PRESERVED, IT'S ALMOST LIFELIKE! NO? YOU WOULDN'T? TOO BAD! YOU HAVE NO IDEA OF WHAT YOU'RE MISSING, SIR...

UNDOUBTEDLY! BUT I HAVE OTHER PLANS! GOODBYE, CHANCELLOR! REMEMBER TO NOTIFY THE POLICE OF THE ROBBERY! IT'S COMMON GOSSIP HERE AT THE MUSEUM, YOU SEE!

LATER, THAT NIGHT A LITHE GREEN-CLOAKED FIGURE, SWIFTLY-OUT OF THE SHADOWS-EMERGES WITH SOUNDLESS STEALTH...

GREEN HORNET-NIMBLE NEMESIS OF EVIL...

I REMAIN HERE, MIST' BLITT!

CORRECT, KATO! IF MY HUNCH WORKS OUT WHOEVER CUT HIMSELF A PIECE OF THIS EGYPTIAN CAKE'LL RETURN FOR A SECOND AND **LARGER**, HELPING!

MEANWHILE ····INSIDE ····

INSPECTOR CASSIDY DETAILED US HERE TO GUARD THE PLACE, AFTER THIS HERE CHANCELLOR REPORTED ALL THAT STUFF SWIPED!

YEAH? ...HUH? WELL NOW, I'M AFTER THANKIN' YUH FER LETTIN' ME HANG AROUND IN HERE...I MIGHT CRACK OPEN THIS CASE WIDER THAN GRAND CANYON, T'BE SURE! HAVE A CIGAR...

DON'T MIND IF I DO, MIKE!

PERSONALLY I THINK SOMETHING'S PHONY ABOUT THIS CASE WHO'D WANT TO SWIPE ALL THAT OLD JUNK?

WHO! I'LL TELL YUH! WHO!-**ONE MAN**...THAT DIRTY SPALPEEN **GREEN HORNET**. HE'S THE ONE WHO DONE IT!

ABRUPTLY...

HEY! W-WHAT IN... **ARRGH!**

Y-YEOW... WWGGHH...

SMELLING OF THE AGES... MUSTY YET MUSCULARLY MIGHTY ARMS RAISE AND DESCEND WITH HORRIFIC FORCE!

OWW!

MOMENTS LATER...

I THOUGHT I HEARD A SOUND IN THERE...I WONDER-NOPE-GUESS I MUST'VE BEEN MISTAKEN! WHAT TH-THAT **HAT!**

MIKE AXFORD'S DERBY! BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM! PROBABLY CAME HERE ON HIS OWN... TO CRACK THIS CASE! -HMM.... NOT A SIGN, NOT A CLUE AS TO WHAT HAPPENED! I'LL TRY OUTSIDE...

NOTHING! DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE! GOOD LORD, THIS IS SERIOUS! POOR AXFORD...! HOPE NOTHING HAS HAPPENED YET!

CAREFUL SEARCH OF THE GROUNDS REVEALS NAUGHT, SO BACK TO **BLACK BEAUTY**, WEARILY, DEJECTEDLY.

YOU SAY MIKE AXFORD - HE MAY BE **KIDNAPPED**, MIST' BLITT? BUT WHY? HOW?

OBVIOUSLY, BECAUSE AXFORD IN HIS OWN CRUDE WAY MANAGED TO COME ACROSS WHOEVER STOLE THE EGYPTIAN ART TREASURES, KATO! ONLY ONE THING TO DO...DRIVE BACK TO "THE SENTINEL!"

HOURS AFTER...AS A NEW DAY DAWNS ...IN A SMOKY, GRIMY BUILDING WHOSE MARBLE CORRIDORS ARE WELL-WORN BY COUNTLESS CRIMINAL FEET...

POLICE HEADQUA

THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR CASSIDY...

THIS HAS BECOME SERIOUS, INSPECTOR... MIKE AXFORD WAS KIDNAPPED LAST NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM! NOT A CLUE!

IT'S WORSE THAN THAT, REID! TWO OF MY BEST MEN DISAPPEARED WHILE ON GUARD DUTY! AND AS FOR CLUES... **NOTHING!** MIKE WAS WITH 'EM I UNDERSTAND!

INSPECTOR... THIS BOX JUST CAME FOR YOU... EXPRESS...BUT WE'RE TOO SCARED TO LOOK!

WH-WHAT IN--? WELL, PUT IT DOWN! OPEN IT! CAN'T BE SCARED FOREVER!

A MOMENT AFTER...THE LID OPENED ... **STARK, GRISLY HORROR!**

Y-YEOWW! I-IT'S A M-MUMMY!

GREAT SCOTT! THAT POLICE BADGE... **IT MUST BE ONE OF YOUR MEN, CASSIDY!** THAT NOTE... WHAT DOES IT SAY?... WHO COULD HAVE SENT IT??

REID-IF T-THAT IS ONE OF... MY BOYS, I'LL... QUICK, WILSON, UNCOVER IT!

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O-HHH... INSPECTOR... IT'S C-CLANCY, JIM CLANCY, M-MY OLD BUDDY! W-WE JOINED THE FORCE TOGETHER...

CLANCY? ONE OF MY BEST MEN... REID, JUST LOOK AT WHAT THEY DID TO HIM! IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO... I'LL TRACK DOWN THE KILLERS... H-HEAVENLY DAYS... I'M SICK TO...

EASY INSPECTOR... GIVE ME THE NOTE!

DEATH TO THE DEFILERS OF MY TOMB! I STAND ABOVE ALL JUSTICE! I MAKE MY OWN LAWS! BEWARE OF MY WRATH! Pharaoh

THE PHARAOH, EH? HMM... THE PHARAOH!

THAT SAME NIGHT... CALCULATING CRIMINAL EYES FOCUS AND WITH DIFFICULTY READ...

HE'D LIKE TA KNOW DIS! I'LL BRING 'IM HOME A COPY! YESSIREE...

LY SENTINEL
BIG FIRE IN CITY
EGYPTIAN SHIPMENT ARRIVES

IMMEDIATELY AFTER-IN A BIZARRE SETTING--

I T'OUGHT YOU'D WANNA READ DAT... INNERESTIN', AIN'T IT?

QUITE! IT CAUSES MY MIND TO WORK ALONG CERTAIN, SHALL I SAY DESTRUCTIVE, CHANNELS. HMM... QUITE SO! AND REMEMBER SWINE, ADDRESS ME WITH MORE RESPECT OR YOU'LL BE THROWN TO MY SACRED SERPENTS!

YEAH, SLATS... Y'GOTTA SPEAK BETTER TA DA PHARAOH!

PHARAOH... WOT'RE WE GONNA DO WIT' DAT ODDER COP? AN' DA REPORTER WE GOT COOPED UP DOWN IN THE CELLAR? BUMP 'EM?

THEY SHALL BE SACRIFICED TO THE GREAT GOD, RA WHEN THE MOON HAS REACHED ITS ASCENDANCY! MEANWHILE... I HAVE OTHER PLANS! LISTEN!

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, MEANWHILE...

IN AN OLD WAREHOUSE BELONGING TO THE "DAILY SENTINEL"...

GET IN, KATO! I MAY NEED PLENTY OF HELP IF MY PLAN WORKS! IF I'VE SIZED UP WHAT MAKES THIS "MUMMY" TICK... HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST BREAKING IN HERE AND SWIPING THIS STUFF, THINKING IT'S REALLY EGYPTIAN ART TREASURES, AND NOT OLD PIECES OF JUNK? YES.. I SEE, MIST BLITT! BUT HOW IS MUMMY KNOW TO COME HERE?

THAT FAKE NEWS STORY I PRINTED IN "THE SENTINEL" CONTAINED THE ADDRESS OF THE WAREHOUSE WHERE THE FAKE EXPLORER, MEANING **ME**, STORED HIS TREASURES. COMFORTABLE IN THERE, KATO? CAREFUL WITH THAT PAINT!

THE PASSING MOMENTS AS ALWAYS TAKE THEIR OWN GOOD TIME... SILENT IS THE ANCIENT WAREHOUSE, AND THEN OMINOUSLY..

WH-WHAT WAS TH...? OH-OH! THAT SHADOW, BESIDE THE DOOR! THE MUMMY... HAS ARRIVED!

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BUT AS THE NIMBLE OUTLAW CHARGES IN ONE DIRECTION, FROM ANOTHER...

AT LAST, WE MEET, MUMMY! AND WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU... UGH!

YEAH?... 'TINK AGAIN, BIG SHOT!

YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE AND YOU'RE... O-OOPH!

HEY! L-LOOK OUT! I'LL... YIPE!

GOOD! AND HOW'S THIS FOR A STARTER?

ENOUGH OF THIS-! FINISH HIM OFF, FOOLS!

TH-THAT VOICE! IT... OHHHH!

OOGPH!

HURRY, YOU PIECES OF DIRT! CARRY AWAY THE ART TREASURES... MY TREASURES!

...YES, YOUR REGAL HIGHNESS!

IN THE DIM, DESERTED WAREHOUSE, SOUNDLESS AS THE GRAVE NOW... AS TIME TICKS AWAY, A LITHE FORM LIES LIMP, LIFELESSLY SPRAWLED AS THOUGH ENVELOPED IN THE SHADOWY ARMS OF DEATH, AND THEN ...

A SPARK FLARES INTO A FLAME, IGNITING A SLUMBERING BRAIN ... AND CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS!

P-PFEW! MY HEAD... OWW- LOOKS LIKE MY PLAN WORKED ALMOST **TOO** WELL! CRATES ARE GONE... THE MUMMY TOOK THEM! FINE! THAT LUMINOUS PAINT WILL LEAD ME TO HIS LAIR! I **HOPE!**

OUTSIDE SHARPLY OUTLINED BY THE MOON'S CLEAR LIGHT.. SPOTS OF LUMINOUS PAINT IN GLEAMING TRAIL!

THE MUMMY MUST'VE USED A TRUCK OF SOME SORT TO CART THE CRATES AWAY... AS LONG AS KATO KEEPS DROPPING THAT PAINT THROUGH THE HOLE IN HIS CRATE, **BLACK BEAUTY'LL** TAKE ME THERE!

MEANWHILE SECLUDED FROM PRYING EYES, A DECREPIT MANSION, SINISTER WITH DECAY, WHERE...

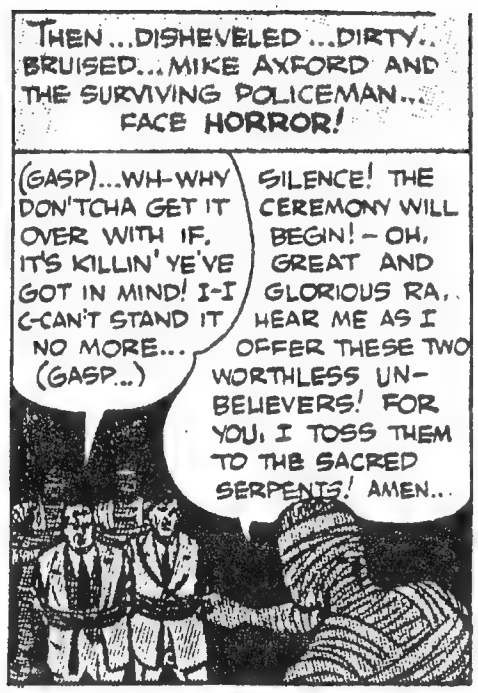
QUICK SLAVES! INTO THE THRONE ROOM! YOU MUST PREPARE THE SACRIFICE TO RA! THE MOON HAS REACHED ITS ZENITH!

WITHIN THE CRUMBLING-WALLED BUILDING A **MIND-REELING SPECTACLE**-RELIC OF THE AGES LONG THOUGHT DEAD--THE THRONE ROOM OF THE PHARAOHS!!

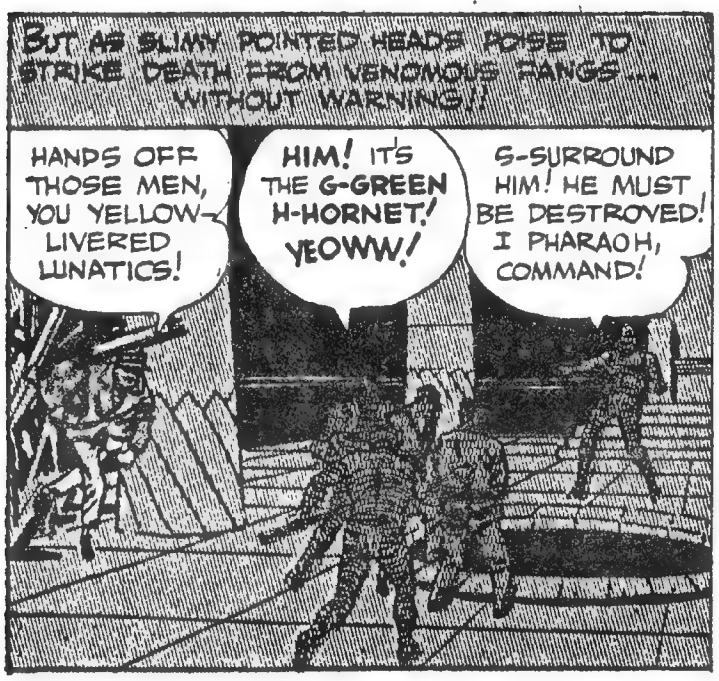
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS! AT ONCE!

QUICKLY, QUICKLY! FETCH THE POLICEMAN AND THE REPORTER FROM THE DUNGEON BELOW! THE MOON RISES! ALL GLORY TO THE FALCON GOD!

SO! I HAVE BROKEN YOUR SLEEP, MY PETS? AHH...SOON YOU WILL BE GRATEFUL TO YOUR PHARAOH!


THEN...DISHEVELED...DIRTY.. BRUISED...MIKE AXFORD AND THE SURVIVING POLICEMAN... FACE HORROR!
(GASP)...WH-WHY DON'TCHA GET IT OVER WITH IF. IT'S KILLIN' YE'VE GOT IN MIND! I-I C-CAN'T STAND IT NO MORE... (GASP..)
SILENCE! THE CEREMONY WILL BEGIN! - OH, GREAT AND GLORIOUS RA, HEAR ME AS I OFFER THESE TWO WORTHLESS UNBELIEVERS! FOR YOU, I TOSS THEM TO THE SACRED SERPENTS! AMEN...

TOSS THEM TO THE SACRED SERPENTS! QUICKLY!
MOVE YOUSE TWO! Y' HEARD HIS HIGHNESS, DA PHARAOH!
OHHH N-NO! D-DON'T!


BUT AS SLIMY POINTED HEADS POISE TO STRIKE DEATH FROM VENOMOUS FANGS... WITHOUT WARNING!!
HANDS OFF THOSE MEN, YOU YELLOW-LIVERED LUNATICS!
HIM! IT'S THE G-GREEN H-HORNET! YEOWW!
S-SURROUND HIM! HE MUST BE DESTROYED! I PHARAOH, COMMAND!

PHARAOH, EH? WHEN I FINISH WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE KING OF YOUR OWN LITTLE DEATH CELL-AND AS FOR YOU TWO...
COURAGE! I COME! THERE SHALL BE A BLOODY END MADE TO HIM!

WILDLY VICIOUS CHARGE AS THE GREEN-GARBED OUTLAW DEFTLY SIDESTEPS, AND...
SWOOSH!
8

IN THE FACE OF DEATH... MYSTERIOUS BEHAVIOR BY THE MASKED MAN!
NOW! THIS'LL EVEN THINGS UP!

OR IS IT?...FOR OUT OF THE SMASHED CRATE...FAITHFUL KATO!
NOW, LET'S WRITE A PERIOD TO THIS STORY!
AND HOW!
B-BUT...! WH-WHERE DID HE COME FROM? NO MATTER! B-BOTH MUST DIE!

AND AS FOUR ROCK-HARD FISTS RAP RIGHT OVER MIGHT ON WEAK CRIMINAL JAWS, IN BACK...

L-LAY OFF! I-I Q-QUIT!

THERE!

I MUST FLEE! THEY ARE NOT TO BE STOPPED!

CAN SHOW NO MERCY..THESE TWO GAUZE-DRAPED HOOD-LUMS MURDERERS!

YA-A-AGH!

GONE! OUR PHARAOH FRIEND SLIPPED AWAY! KATO, I'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA WHERE AND HOW TO NAB HIS NIBS! BACK INSIDE NOW, WE'VE STILL GOT WORK HERE!

A MOMENT LATER, INSIDE ----

SLATS HILL! HMM... KATO, THIS'S THE STRANGEST CASE WE'VE EVER WORKED ON! DO YOU KNOW WHY-? THE MOTIVE FOR ALL THIS...!

YES MIST' BLITT, MOST STRANGE! IT APPEARS INSANE! THE OTHER ONE'S DEAD! HUNDRED SNAKES DOWN THERE IN PIT!

WAIT A MINUTE. I **HAVE** IT! THE MUMMY, THE ONE WHO ESCAPED CALLED HIMSELF **PHARAOH!** IT IS IMPOSSIBLE HE HIMSELF REALLY BELIEVED **THAT!** IF HE DID, THE MAN IS INSANE! AND FOR THAT REASON...**TWICE** AS **DANGEROUS!** KATO, I'VE GOT A PHONE CALL TO MAKE!

INSTANTLY AFTER...FROM A PHONE IN THE MANSION'S STUDY-

HELLO, INSPECTOR CASSIDY? NEVER MIND **WHO** THIS IS! GET SOME MEN OUT TO SOUTH ROAD, LAST HOUSE! YOU'LL FIND A MAN YOU'RE INTERESTED IN, SLATS HILL! AND A CORPSE, TOO. ALSO THE STOLEN ART TREASURES. S'LONG INSPECTOR!

HEY! WAIT! HOLD ON! WH-WHO'RE YOU... BAH! HE HUNG UP!

NEXT DAY...

AT CITY MUSEUM AS RECOVERED ART TREASURES ARE REPLACED...

ALL RIGHT, MEN...DO AS THE CHANCELLOR SAYS! PUT THE STUFF BACK WHERE HE TELLS YOU!

OKAY. INSPECTOR!

OVER THERE WITH THAT SARCOPHAGUS!- I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, INSPECTOR CASSIDY...LOSING THESE TREASURES WAS...WELL, LIKE LOSING AN OLD CHERISHED FRIEND! AND NOW...THEY'RE BACK, THANKS TO YOU!

LONG MOMENTS LATER, AS DARK SILENCE ENSHROUDS THE EGYPTIAN ROOM AND ITS RESTORED TREASURES- OUT OF THE SHADOWS, SINISTER AND WITHOUT SOUND...WHEN DAY IS DONE...

THE FOOLS! THEY IMAGINED THEY COULD KEEP ME FROM MY BED! I'M SO TIRED! I MUST SLEEP! YES-

ABRUPTLY-

OHH! GREEN HORNET!

CORRECT, CHUM! IT WAS GETTING AWFULLY STUFFY IN HERE, WAITING FOR YOU!

YOU HAVEN'T G-GOT ME Y-YET!

I KNEW YOU'D COME BACK TO YOUR SARCOPHAGUS MY FRIEND!

T-THIS...WILL STOP YOU LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO ESCAPE YOU! TO ESCAPE EVERYONE! I **CAN'T** BE ARRESTED! I...**AM** PHARAOH!

Y-YOU'RE INSANE! I'LL... O-OOPH!

I AM IMMORTAL! I SHALL RETURN IN ANOTHER FORM! I-YAAAA!

NO! COME BACK FROM THAT WINDOW GOOD LORD!

SHORT SECONDS LATER...

NOW AT LAST I'LL SEE WHO THE MUMMY IS AND--THE CHANCELLOR! PFEW...! WILL CASSIDY POP HIS EYES WHEN HE FINDS **THIS** OUT! HMM... BETTER PHONE HIM, THEN GET BACK TO THE PAPER!

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LATER...POST-MORTEMS IN BRITT REID'S OFFICE....

THE EXTRA'S SMOOTH, ISN'T IT? SAY MIKE...I'VE BEEN WONDERING.. WHERE YOU WERE THOSE TWO DAYS, AND HOW COME YOU WOUND UP AT CITY HOSPITAL?

AW.....SURE AN' IT WUZ A SLIGHT ILLNESS I'VE BEEN HAVING. NOTHIN' SERIOUS. OFFICER O'TOOLE HAD THE SAME TROUBLE! REID, YOU JACKASS--TH' **MUMMY ONLY TRIED TO KILL ME AN' OFFICER O'TOOLE!**

SAY, REID! HOW'D YOU FIGURE OUT THE KILLER?

THE CHANCELLOR PROBABLY BELIEVED HE WAS THE REINCARNATION OF A PHARAOH! HE HAD GYP AND SLATS STEAL ART TREASURES FOR HIS OWN USE, POOR MAN...HE WAS HOPELESSLY INSANE-THAT'S WHY HE JUMPED OUT OF THE WINDOW! HE COULDN'T BE ARRESTED LIKE YOU OR I- HE WAS A **PHARAOH!**

you're a good man
jim jones

AT AGE 30, YOU'RE STILL A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN

BY CHARLES SOLOMON

"I'd like to be president, or a five-star general or a big-time operator . . . but that's all I'll ever be . . . just 'good ol' Charlie Brown.'" —Charlie Brown, 1950

On Oct 2, 1950, a comic strip made a modest debut in a few American newspapers. Simply drawn, it featured child characters who spoke like adults. The creator of the strip didn't even like the name the syndicate had given it: he wanted to call it "Li'l Folks." He felt "Peanuts" was a stupid name.

In 30 years, "Peanuts" has become the most successful comic strip of all time, appearing in more than 1,600 newspapers around the world via United Feature Syndicate. The "Peanuts" characters have become as omnipresent as Mickey Mouse—"Peanuts" products will account for well over $100 million in sales this year. Like Walt Disney, Charles Schulz likes to describe himself as a regular sort of guy from the Midwest, doing what he loves best, who just happened to make good. This ingenuous image belies a sophisticated knowledge of graphics and an extraordinary grasp of psychology and [redacted]

"Good ol' Charlie Brown . . . yes, sir . . . good ol' Charlie Brown . . . how I hate him!" —Shermy, in the first "Peanuts" strip, 1950

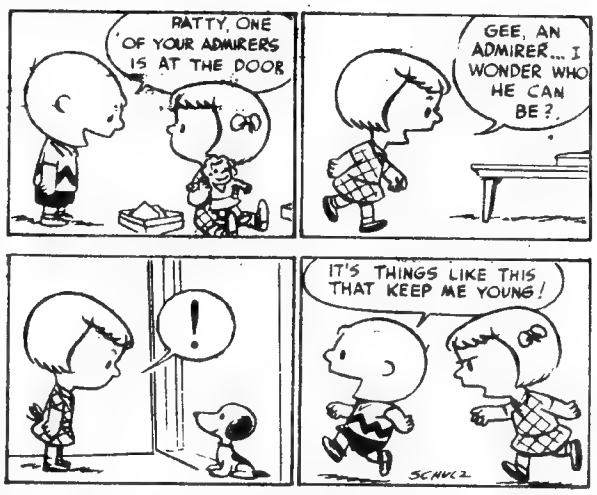
"Peanuts" grew, in part, out of a tradition of magazine cartoons that were popular in the later 40s, featuring small children saying very sophisticated things to adults. Schulz eliminated the adults and focused on a world of mature children and "the cruelty that exists among children." Another important model for Schulz was Percy Crosby's popular strip, "Skippy." There are similarities between Charlie Brown and Skippy: both talk like adults, both play baseball, both love unseen little girls. But Skippy was a tough kid, given to playing pranks and hooky. Charlie Brown began as a brash little boy who matched wits and insults with the other three characters (Patty, Shermy and Snoopy), but he always displayed a stolid wholesomeness.

Schulz also borrowed from the warm Americana of another strip he admires, "Out Our Way." If he never achieved the casual insanity of two of his other favorites, "Krazy Kat" and "Thimble Theatre," Schulz succeeded in capturing the worries, humor and spirit of middle America as no strip before had done.

Comic strip characters evolve as their artist's style develops and their personalities jell. Usually figures become simpler and more rounded as the artist's hand and wrist relax and the shape of the character becomes a familiar pattern. Snoopy began with a rather angular head and short, wide ears. Throughout the '50s his ears shrank until they looked like ribbons from some angles, and his nose grew long and rubbery. During the '60s, his nose, forehead and ears all grew rounder. Recently, Snoopy's nose has become so thick and his forehead so shallow that his head is almost an oval. This new form seems very stiff and doesn't allow Schulz to distort the face into the vivid expressions that helped make Snoopy such a vibrant character.

The strip picked up steam quickly, especially with the addition of Lucy in 1952, and Linus, later that same year. Lucy began as a fussbudget and by 1959 she was selected to chair the National Fussbudget Foundation. Charlie Brown became blander and moved towards his identity as the compleat loser: they balance each other perfectly. The other characters may seem cruel when they torment Charlie Brown; Lucy is never calculatedly cruel—she attacks Charlie Brown as naturally and unthinkingly as a cat attacks a mouse.

"There's no heavier burden than a great potential." —Linus, 1963


PATTY, ONE OF YOUR ADMIRERS IS AT THE DOOR
GEE, AN ADMIRER... I WONDER WHO HE CAN BE?
!
IT'S THINGS LIKE THIS THAT KEEP ME YOUNG!
SCHULZ

The 30-year evolution of "Peanuts" from 1950, above, to today, shown below.

Linus does have the greatest potential of any character in the strip. Intelligent, capable, theologically oriented and dignified, if somewhat literal-minded, he is also ridden with insecurities. He clings to his security blanket.

Schulz has said that of all his ideas for the strip, he is proudest of giving Linus the blanket and allowing him to keep it over so many objections from Lucy and others. Linus' gentle rationality provides a perfect foil for Lucy's intransigence; his intelligence and devotion to his beliefs juxtaposes Charlie Brown's mental blandness. He can be paired with any of the characters in "Peanuts" with equal effectiveness. Much has been made of Charlie Brown as Everyman, and it is easy to identify with him on bad days. But Linus' mixture of reason, faith and anxiety make him the real representative of the children who grew up in the '50s and '60s.

Shermy, Violet and Patty were reduced to straight men, and faded out of the strip, so Schulz rounded out his cast with various supporting characters: Sally Brown, an eternal innocent who delights in mangling the English language; Schroeder, whose love of Beethoven precludes any interest in Lucy; Freida, who tries to force Snoopy into the mold of a conventional dog.

In the mid-'60s he introduced Peppermint Patty, whom some observers have seen as representing the new, liberated woman. But for all her athletic prowess, she is an inconsistent character, vacillating between fierce independence and slushy romance. Schulz seems uncertain as to what he wants her to be. A much more coherent character, in her quiet way, is Marcie. Intelligent, determined, she can even stand up to Peppermint Patty, when riled.

"Peanuts" attracted widespread attention in 1968 when Schulz first drew a black character, Franklin. He was not the first black comic strip character—but he was the first black character whose race was not an issue. Franklin was calmly accepted by the other members of the "Peanuts" gang, and no mention was made of his color. But despite his much-publicized debut, Franklin proved to be basically just another straight man, and he now appears in the strip only rarely.

"I don't know . . . I like him and he's a good shortstop and all that, but I still say he's the funniest looking kid I've ever seen." —Peppermint Patty, 1967 (describing Snoopy)

Few characters in comics have captured the public imagination the way Snoopy has. Although he began as a fairly straightforward dog, by the mid-'50s he had begun to emerge as a strong personality. By the '60s he was displaying a sense of fantasy and a capability at whatever he did that exceeded his human companions. Snoopy became the dog everyone likes to think he has, with his dreams and interests and a philosophy of life that centers on his supper dish. ("I eat because I'm frustrated, and I'm frustrated because I don't get enough to eat.") During the '70s, he gave up walking on all fours entirely and became less and less doglike; it's not surprising Peppermint Patty keeps mistaking him for a little kid.

Snoopy had been friends with various birds since the early '60s, in fact, a terrible secret society of birds used to hold meetings in his doghouse. In 1970, Schulz gave him a steady companion, Woodstock. For all his popularity, Woodstock remains a problematic character who of-

Please Turn to Page 4

Snoopy's Tournament Tip #3

Some people are easily impressed by clothing and equipment . . . therefore, a flashy warm-up jacket and several extra rackets can be important.

Sunday, September 28, 1980. Charlie Brown, Snoopy and all of the PEANUTS gang were 30 YEARS OLD...S I G H ! I read Charles Solomon's article, "AT AGE 30, YOU'RE STILL A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN", in the CALENDAR section of the Los Angeles Times.

A week past...and ONLY ONE LETTER about this article appeared in the CALENDAR LETTERS section. Two weeks later...NOTHING. Three weeks went by and just ONE MORE LETTER was printed...S I G H !

I MUST COMMENT !

STILL A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN

Continued from Page 3

ten limits Snoopy's potentials instead of expanding them. He has never become the Sancho Panza/common sense figure who could provide a counter to Snoopy's fantasies. Instead, he participates in the fantasies as a sort of junior partner that tops Snoopy and forces the beagle into an oddly patronizing role.

If Snoopy is playing quarterback, Woodstock becomes an inept receiver; when Snoopy is the World War I Flying Ace, Woodstock is his mechanic who dreams of becoming a pilot. His secondary fantasies teeter on top of Snoopy's, undermining the structure of the gag and making the humor less effective. Curiously, the most effective foils for Snoopy are his bird scouts (Woodstock, Conrad, Olivier and Bill). But it is the birds who wander off into nonsense and Snoopy who remains the bastion of common sense, shrugging off questions about the meaning of life, cracking bad puns and defending the rational world as embodied in angel food cakes with seven-minute frosting.

"Don't you think I have beautiful eyes, Charlie Brown?"

"Yes, they look like two little round dots of india ink."

—Lucy and Charlie Brown, 1959

But for all the excellence of his characters and humor, Schulz's greatest contribution to the field of newspaper comics is in the area of graphics. Before Schulz's work, comic strip artists tended to use a busy, line-filled style, derived from turn-of-the-century illustration. In the hands of a draftsman like Winsor McCay ("Little Nemo") or Harold Foster ("Prince Valiant") it could be handsome and effective. But this very cluttered look was out of keeping with trends in magazine cartoons, animation illustration in the '50s.

The busy look was aggravated by the fact that beginning in the early '60s, comic strips began to shrink physically due to the rising cost of paper and the practice of crowding increasing numbers of strips onto a single page. (Trends that continue today.)

Schulz's answer to these problems was a simple, almost and graphic style, derived from a number of sources, including the work of New Yorker cartoonist Saul Steinberg. The results were easy and pleasant to look at. Many readers equate this simplicity with facility or lack of drawing ability, which is a mistake.

The simplicity is deliberate and calculated. Schulz stated his design philosophy in an interview in 1970: "Good cartooning is basically good design. A cartoon character who looks good to you is a cartoon character who has been designed properly. You have to place things within these four panels so that you break the areas up into nice shapes. I have discovered that because of the type of humor in Charlie Brown, the drawing must remain simple . . . keeping it all very simple is the key here."

Schulz's quiet stylistic revolution has left its mark on almost every strip that has been created since the early '50s. Johnny Hart ("B.C." and "The Wizard of Id") and Mel Lazarus ("Miss Peach" and "Mamma") have frequently paid tribute to Schulz as a mentor. The influence of "Peanuts" on contemporary strips like "Doonesbury," "Tumbleweeds," "Downstown," and "Drabble" is obvious.

Snoopy in 1956 in his rubbery nose phase emerged as a strong personality.

"Everyone's so upset because I didn't make the honor roll . . . My mother's upset, my father's upset, my teacher's upset, the principal's upset . . . Good Grief! They all say the same thing . . . they're disappointed because I have such potential . . ."

—Linus, 1963

But despite its influence and and excellence, "Peanuts" began to falter during the '70s, a phenomenon that is easier to recognize than explain. New strips, especially Garry Trudeau's "Doonesbury" came along, strips that reflected current trends and catch phrases more boldly.

Schulz began to recycle gags and his story lines grew weaker. A sameness entered Snoopy's fantasies, especially the ones about sports. Schulz is a great sports fan, and articles on his life have regularly reported that he plays baseball, tennis, hockey and golf. Snoopy, as a sort of canine Walter Mitty, took up each of these games, plus a few others like wrist wrestling. But the jokes were all so similar that it seemed Schulz was re-using strips and just changing the athletic equipment. After the originality and carefully-researched humor of the World War I Flying Ace, and the sharp humor of Snoopy's literary career, many of his late identities, like Joe Cool and the supermarket checker, seem like pallid imitations.

Nor were these problems confined to stories about Snoopy. Neither Linus' involvement with Eudora, for example, nor Peppermint Patty's romance with Pig-Pen reached satisfactory conclusions. No major new characters have entered the strip since Marcie's debut in 1971.

This decline in the stories parallels a general weakening of Schulz's drawing over the last decade. His line has grown slack, and his figures lack the strength and visual interest they once had. Ragged lines and careless inking have begun to appear in his once elegantly simple drawings. The new characters he has introduced over the last years have been uniformly uninteresting physically: Eudora, Thibault, Snoopy's brother, Spike and Linus' and Lucy's new brother, Rerun. (Rerun looks like a smaller version of Linus in an oversize hat.) None of them has become a regular in the strip.

"What if everyone in the whole world suddenly decided to run away from his problems."

"Well, at least we'd all be running in the same direction."

—Charlie Brown and Linus, 1963

One reason for the decline of "Peanuts" may be the fact that Schulz's children grew up. They had always been a source of inspiration to him: his son Monte's interest in models of old planes led to the creation of Snoopy as the World War I Flying Ace. He may well miss their input.

The growth of the vast commercial empire of "Peanuts" products also suggests certain problems. Schulz maintains that as long as he does the strips himself and does them well, he has fulfilled his obligations to his readers and his other activities are irrelevant. However, it is difficult to believe that the existence of so many outside interests doesn't distract him from his drawings. In addition, the standardized cuteness of the "Peanuts" merchandise may be locking the characters into familiar molds. The Disney Studio experienced similar problems with Mickey Mouse decades ago: he turned into such an inoffensively nice guy that he became uninteresting as a character.

Finally, there is a question of saturation. The unprecedented marketing success of "Peanuts" has made the characters so ubiquitous that the newspaper strips have lost much of their freshness. After seeing Snoopy on virtually every product made by man, it's hard to muster the old enthusiasm for seeing what he's up to in the paper every morning. Familiarity doesn't necessarily breed contempt, but it can sap the readers' interest, and maybe the artist's as well.

"For a nothing, Charlie Brown, you're really something!"

—Linus, 1967

Except, for the name, which he still doesn't like, "Peanuts" has always been the personal creation of Charles M. Schulz. Most comic strip artists have assistants to do the lettering, inking and often much of the drawing. Trudeau doesn't ink his own strips; pop fantasy artist Frank Frazetta got his start as an assistant to Al Capp on "Li'l Abner." Schulz has always insisted on doing everything himself, dismissing the idea of hiring an assistant: "That would be like Arnold Palmer having someone hit his chip shots." He alone is responsible for the successes and failures of the strip.

Many magazine articles on Schulz have focused on his similarity to Charlie Brown. Like the round-headed kid on the baseball diamond, Schulz is now faced with the task of getting himself out of the slump. The difference is that no one watches Charlie Brown's games; Schulz has millions of fans waiting to see if he can restore excellence to his delicate combination of drawings and words, the excellence that made it the most popular strip in the world. □

Solomon has worked as a newspaper and magazine cartoonist.

By 1966 Snoopy was the dog everyone likes to think he has, with his dreams and interests and philosophy on life.

Charles Solomon's article was very nice...ALMOST! It was limited to only TWO PAGES. Considering this space limitation, the first 80% of the article was an abbreviated, well written difinitive summation of 30 years of the PEANUTS comic-strip.

But...but...GOOD GRIEF! The last 20% of the article consisted of Mr. Solomon's personal opinions in which he described "The Decline And Fall Of Peanuts", during the last 10 years! Solomon, the historical reporter, suddenly changed hats and became a SUPER-ART-STORY-BUSINESS-CRITIC! Then, as Brutus, he stabbed ol' Charlie Schulz, right in the forum !

According to Mr. Solomon, during the last 10 years, EVERYTHING about PEANUTS has deteriorated. Everything went downhill...the story line...the drawing...EVERYTHING! The strip became, mostly, a vast rerum! He felt these problems were partially due to the fact that Good ol' Charlie Schulz and the PEANUTS gang became too successful in too many other fields! Mr. Solomon is full of s-s-s-sour grapes !

Now, I'll not question Mr. Solomon's legitimacy. However, other questions do come to mind. In that super-mini-biography that was printed at the end of the article it stated: "Solomon has worked as a newspaper and magazine cartoonist". I don't recall ever seeing Mr. Solomon's successful comic-strip in print. Even his failure as a comic-strip cartoonist eludes my memory. Of course, one doesn't have to produce a comic-strip to criticise them... but it might help!

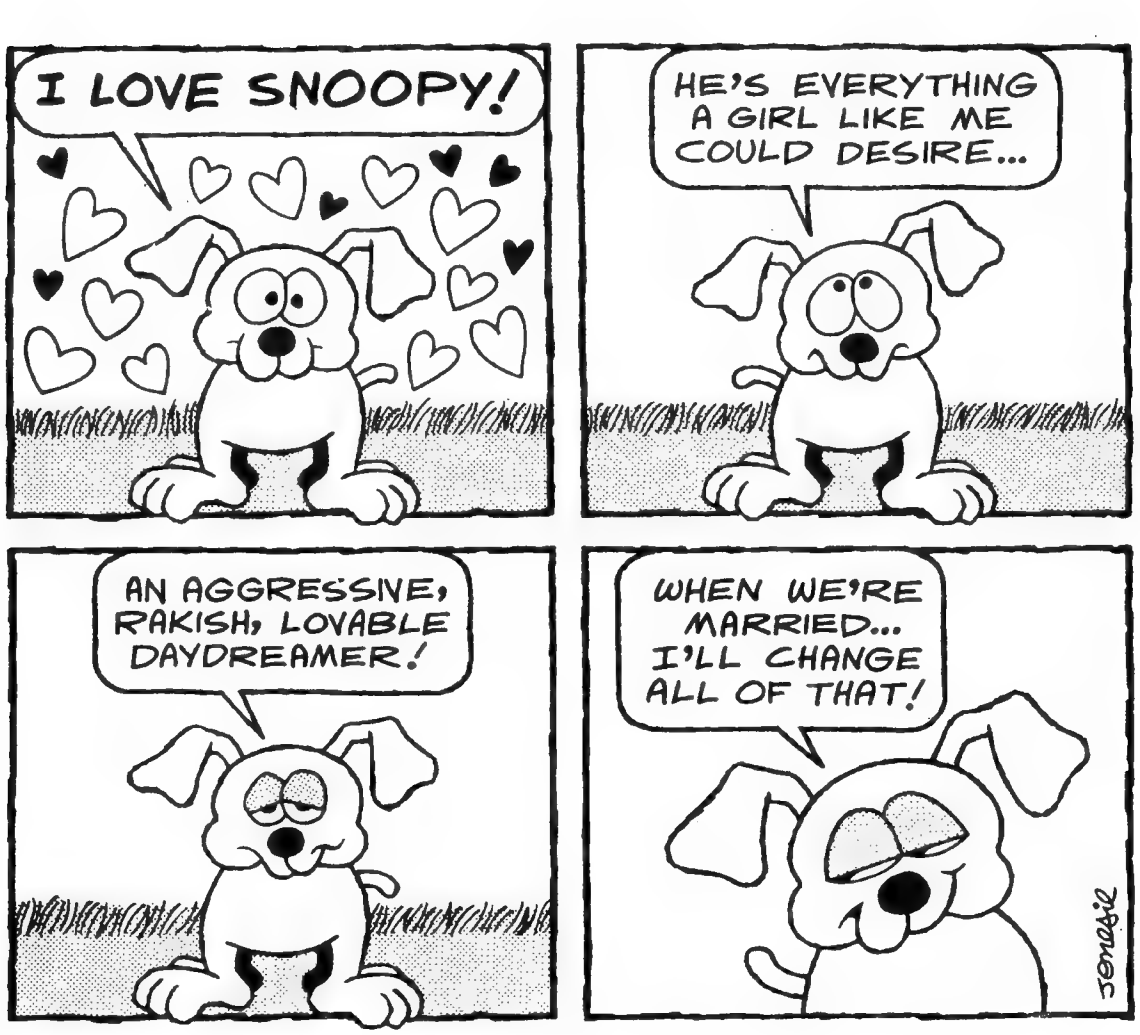
Say, there IS A THOUGHT! Do a comic-strip. If doing a comic-strip would help to criticise them, producing one should help to evaluate strips, even more.

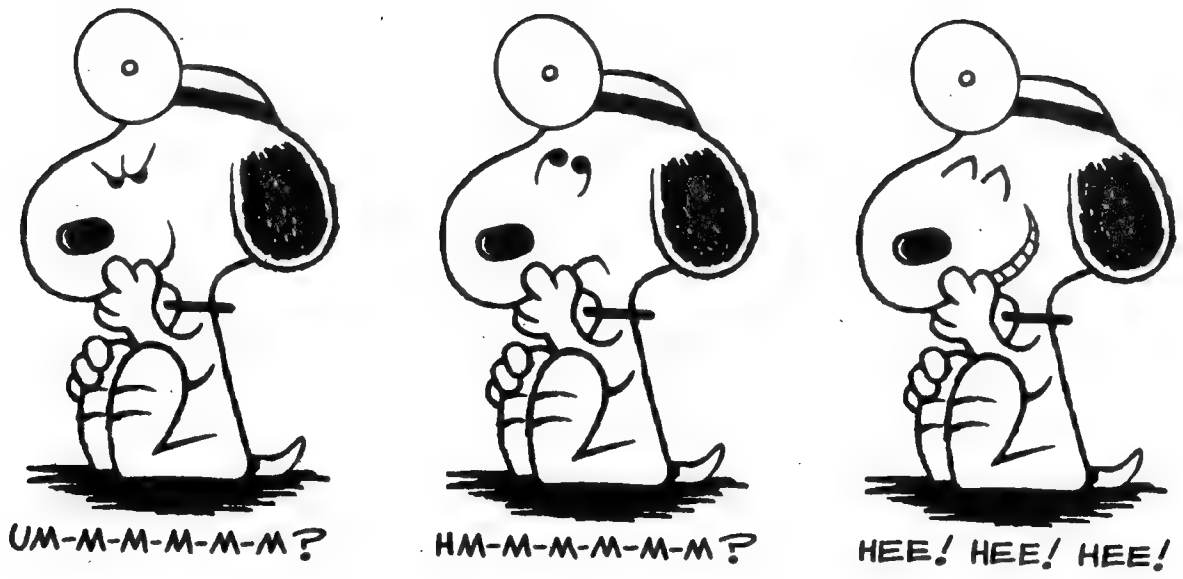
YES! I LOVE SNOOPY! I loved him, even MORE, the first time I heard his silly, cackling laugh as an animated TV character! Well, let's see...what hasn't SNOOPY got! OK... A girlfriend! OK...I'll give him one. And her name is MYRTLE.

What was learned after doing one comic-strip? DOING a comic strip ain't all that easy! It's not as easy to do as it looks! (1) You've gotta write it. (2) Draw all thoes little boxes and balloons. (3) Do the lettering. (4) Then, Draw the thing! As we study this one strip, we will see where Schulz has gone RIGHT and so-o-o many other cartoonists have gone WRONG!

It seems, we all make the same mistakes. Oh-h-h thoes BOXES! Unlike Schulz, I can't even draw A STRAIGHT LINE! My lettering is jumpy and Schulz is precise. He would never have made the grass that important. Schulz's grass would have been a simple suggestion of lawn...a few blades of grass here and there. The first panel...ALL OF THOES HEARTS! It looks like MYRTLE is surrounded by a flock of butterflies! Schulz could have made the love theme work with one heart, three at most. Schulz would never have gotten so cutesie-pie with the eyes! with just various shaped black dots, he would have achieved as much expression and probably MORE ! He wouldn't have used eyeshadow to telegraph MYRTLE'S feminine wile! The humor is a bit harsh. Schulz NEVER would have given SNOOPY a girlfriend.. TOO TRITE for his whimsical sence of humor. Good 'ol' Charlie Schulz's humor is UNIQUE!

For instance...Lucy, the 5¢ psychiatrist, is seated behind her wooden box of a desk, the little sign on the box-desk says, THE DOCTOR IS IN. She stares angrily at Charlie Brown. Charlie is seated on the opposite side of the box-desk. As usual, he looks worried.


I LOVE SNOOPY!
HE'S EVERYTHING A GIRL LIKE ME COULD DESIRE...
AN AGGRESSIVE, RAKISH, LOVABLE DAYDREAMER!
WHEN WE'RE MARRIED... I'LL CHANGE ALL OF THAT!
JENAGIL



First panel. LUCY: BRINGING ALL MY CLINICAL BACKGROUND TO BEAR, I'VE COME TO THIS CONCLUSION!
Second panel. LUCY: YOU'RE CRAZY! Third panel. CHARLIE BROWN: GOOD , GRIEF! I WANT A SECOND OPINION! Forth panel. LUCY: YOU'RE UGLY, TOO!

Oh, NO-o-o-o! Schulz couldn't have done anything like this. He doesn't do "jokes". His material is built more on situation comedy themes. This "second poinion" joke is funny... it gets a laugh but it is cruel. You will never really see a cruel bit of humor in the work of Charlie Schulz.

Now, IF...Schulz went in for this Henny Youngman joke... it might go, something like this.
First panel. LUCY: CHARLIE BROWN, YOU'RE CRAZY! CHARLIE BROWN: GOOD GRIEF! I WANT A SECOND OPINION!
Second panel. DR. SNOOPY enters and studies the patient. (SNOOPY #1 pic here.)
Third panel. DR. SNOOPY contemplates and evaluates the patient. (SNOOPY #2 pic. here.)
Fourth panel. DR. SNOOPY arrives at and gives the "second opinion". (SNOOPY #3 " ")

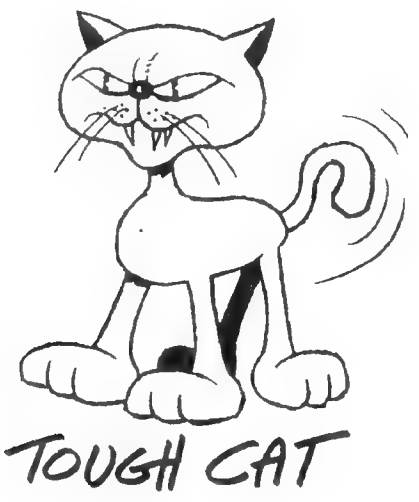
Shulz is witty but warm and gentle. He would have removed the cruelty from that old, BUT FUNNY, Henny Youngman joke! His wit IS NOT politically relevant but IT IS socially revelant. Schulz's humor offends no one and entertains almost everyone.

Solomon mentioned that he has seen a repetition of themes...a sameness during the last ten years. Well, in radio and then in TV comedy, the comic "catch-phrase" had been most popular. The "catch-prase" evolved into the "catch-situation", or repetition of situation or situations. It became a variation of situation comedy. This repetitive form of situation com- l comedy, over the years, became very popular with the majority of the audience. Schulz has created many, many "catch-situations" for the PEANUTS gang. The old ones are often used and he frequently devises new ones. Though he probably doesn't even realize it, I feel Solomon prefers the JOKE-A-DAY type of comic strip. Schulz builds his strips in sequence on a theme. If you were to view one of these sequences in total, rather than one a day, you would have a one act play or a short movie.

If PEANUTS had been a movie, rather than a comic strip, we would have seen by the screen credits that Schulz has all the skilled abilities of a writer, cameraman, casting director, title maker, producer and director. These qualities helped him to put the PEANUTS gang into the movies and the many TV Specials.

Solomon mentioned, he felt, the quality of the art had gone downhill. I looked thru a number of the reprint books that featured the older PEANUTS strips. It's true, the harsh, thicker, bolder black line has become cartoonie! The softer line is less startling to the eye and easier to read. And the wiggly-jiggly line is more fun to look at! In advertising, in printed media, when speaking of an ad there is this phrase, "It reads fast!" Meaning, the idea to be put accross is INSTANTLY APPARENT! This is achieved through design. All elements are designed so the idea will visually read fast! You don't have to "study" the visual to get the point. Good design IS ch Charlie Schulz's point! He eliminates unnecessary lines and simplifies those that remain. Elimination and simplification of line are design talents he uses so well in presenting visual humor.

Do I find anything WRONG with PEANUTS? Oh, yes! Three things annoy me! One, I'd like to see the daily strip printed BIGGER! Two, the Sunday strip is drawn in eight panels. About once every three weeks we readers get to see them all. But most of the time, due to cutting and reduction, we miss one or two of the pictures. I feel no Sunday comic strip should be printed smaller than half of the page. Today, we get three to five strips per page! I could't do anything about the first two problems but I've solved the third. This PROBLEM was TOUGH CAT! Day after day he was a violent force in the story. TOUGH CAT



was always off stage and NEVER SEEN! He would just SLASH! into various panels. It always happened so quickly, you couldn't even see his paw. The only visible signs were the slashes and DESTRUCTION caused by his HEAVY PAW ! I waited and waited...AND WAITED! The sequence ended and TOUGH CAT was never shown! An old time PEANUTS fan told me TOUGH CAT had "appeared" many times before but WAS ALWAYS UNSEEN! So-o-o, Schulz's idea was an unseen TOUGH CAT is more horrifying than one that is shown!

But...I HAD TO SEE TOUGH CAT! Realizing the only way I could ever SEE TOUGH CAT, was to draw him, myself. I did two versions. Old-time PEANUTS fans, which version do you prefer?

Finally, let me remind Mr. Solomon that during the past 30 YEARS Charlie Schulz has produced around 10,953 comic-strips. This works out to about 87,600 drawings. PEANUTS is printed in close to 2,000 newspapers. The PEANUTS gang has appeared in 20 TV Specials. Three more TV Specials are mnow in production. Oh, yes, a few theatrical movies were also made. Good ol' Charlie Schulz MUST BE DOING SOMETHING RIGHT, RIGHT!!!

And today, millions of us fans are looking foreward to many, many more wonderful years with all of the PEANUTS gang!

Jim Jones

What you,ve just read and seen was done safter I'd read Charles Solomon's article in the CALENDAR SECTION of the Los Angeles Times.

The CALENDAR SECTION editor returned the material with a note that said, "GOOD STUFF! but we can't use it, now."

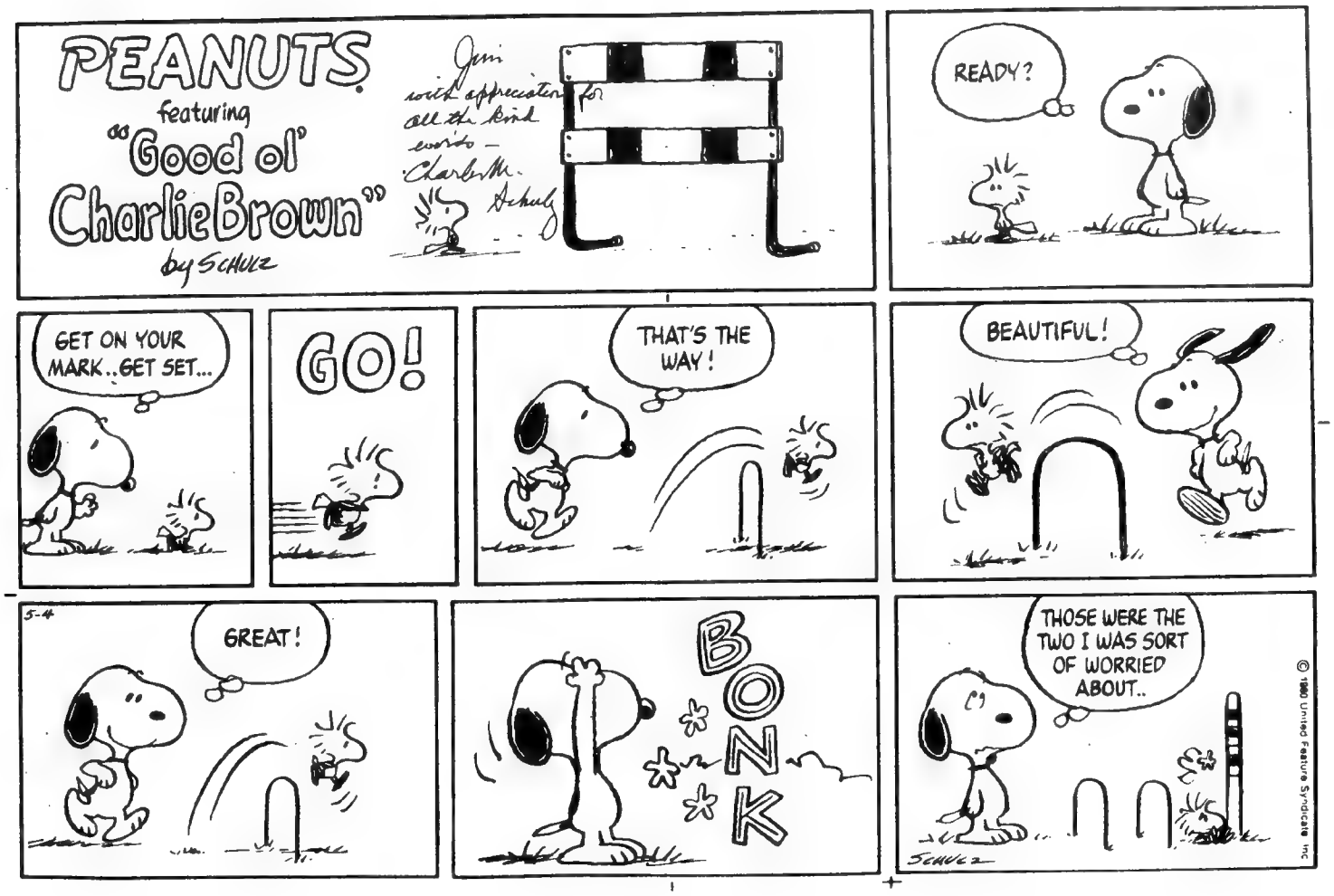
When I completed this article and pics, I,felt it was TOO LONG and TOO MUCH for a "letter" to the editor. AND...It just might be TOO SOON for them to run another article on Good ol' CHARLIE SCHULZ! But....I HADDA DO IT!

This rebuttal of words and pictures to Solomon's article was really done in the hope that ONE READER, CHARLIE SCHULZ, would see and read it! SO-o-o-o-o I sent him a copy of the text and pictures.

Now, I KNEW Schulz receives over 100 pieces of mail, daily. Figured he'd be much , much, MUCH TOO BUSY to reply. BUT...I WANTED HIM TO SEE THIS MATERIAL! In less than two weeks I got the BIG REPLY! From reading the article, I'm sure he realized HOW MUCH I LIKED SNOOPY! He sent an ORIGINAL Sunday strip....see reduced copy. It would have been a real THRILL, just to SEE an ORIGINAL...NOW...I OWN ONE! IF the inscription is TOO SMALL TO READ...it says...Jim, with appreciation for all the kind words------

Charles M. Schulz

Jim Jones



MEET KLAAS VANDERSPOEL

cartoonist

Klaas learned to draw in the public elementary school and later at the Academy Minerva, the local art school, in the evening class. After his school years Klaas worked with publicity agencys in Groningen, his hometown, where his first cartoons were published in the cities largest newspaper, "The Newspaper of the North" or in Dutch „Nieuwsblad van het Noorden. It was April 10, 1958, 22 years ago. Klaas remembers it well *he was paid 7,50 Guilders for each of three cartoons, less than $2.00, but he was very proud, and secretly felt he was a big cartoonist. But the following cartoons brought in only 5 Guilders apiece.*

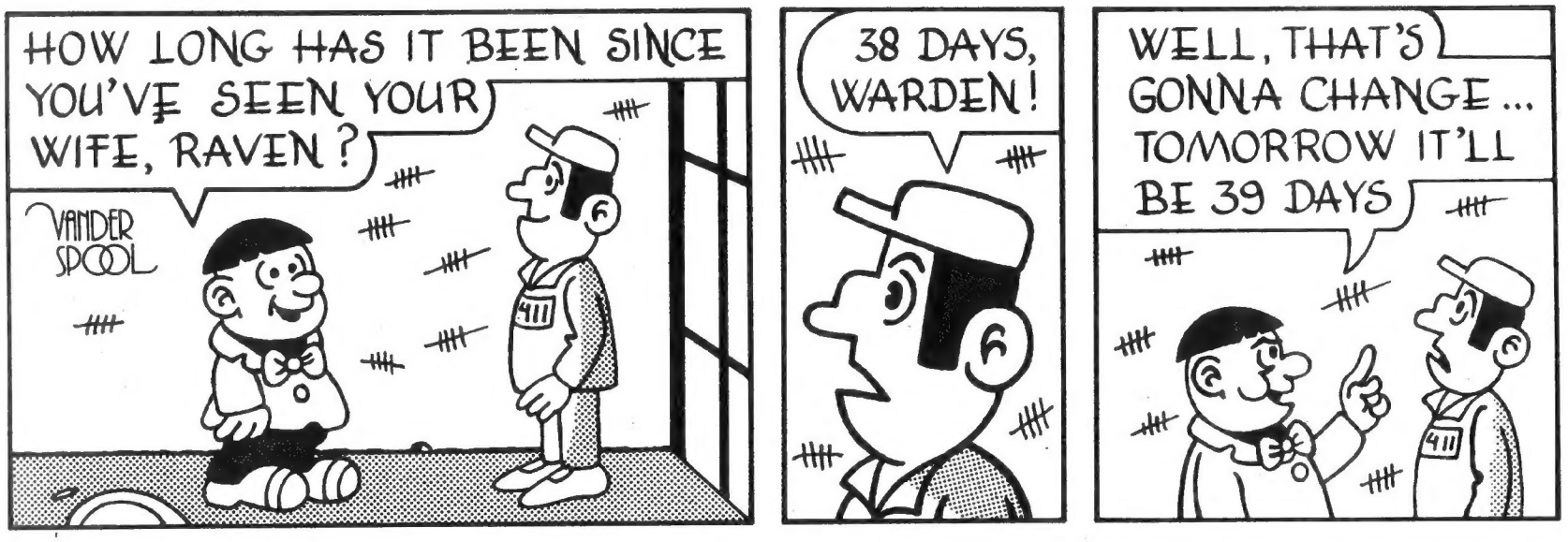
Many years later in 1976 he got his first comic strip, JAMES HOND CONTRA Do Ping. The Hero: James Hond (Hond means in Dutch Hound) about a smart secret (Dog) agent. Two years later came another strip, "POLO", about a little schoolboy. Both strips are still in circulation. Since the middle of 1979, he has a comic strip in a German Magazine, Mills Gazette, about a tiny Wandercircus, Circus Puddingknee, but before that he created the famous "RAVEN", street robber and hooligan. Some strips were printed in Near Mint No. 1, and more in this issue.

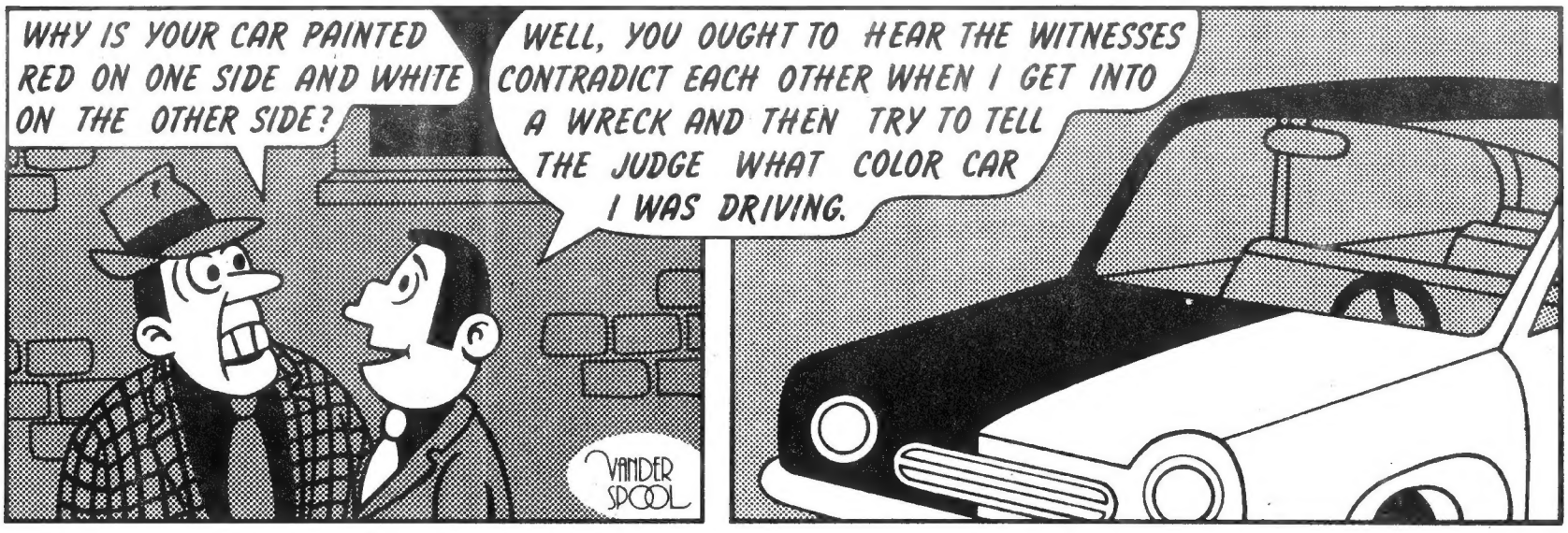
Some of the most interesting people he has ever known was Jean Dulieu, a very famous cartoonist in Holland, who created, "Paulus the Woodgnoom". Another leading Dutch cartoonist in the newspaper field he met was Jan Dirk van Exter along with Dik Bruynestein, a well known Dutch newspaper cartoonist full of wit and humor.

Klaas's work schedule is very similar to that of most of us here in the U.S. A. Eight to four, dinner at 6p.m. then watching TV with his wife Margeret whose favorite shows include Kojak and Starsky and Hutch.

Klaas learned a lot from books like "Back stage at the strips" by Mort Walker, The Complete Book of Cartooning by John Adkins Richardson, Cartoon and Story Illustration by Robert Peterson, Cartooning in the USA by Roy Wilson and also picked up a few 'tips' from books like 'Cartoonist Profiles' and 'Cartoonews', and Klaas admits that there is no end to learning and every day learns new things.

Amoung his favorite artists are, Carl Anderson, Alfred Andriola, Walter Berndt, Brusmic Brandon, Martin Branner, Ernie Bushmiller, Gene Byrnes, Milton Caniff, Al Capp, Roy Crane, Bill DeBeck, Rudolph Dirks, Jerry Dumas, Carl Ed, Chester Gould, Will Gould, Harold Gray, Bert Green, Milt Gross, V.T. Hamlin, Harry Hershfield, Frank King, Lank Leonard, Fred Lasswell, George McManus, Frank Miller, Dick Moores, Zack Mosley, Russell Myers, "Tack" Knight, Crockett Johnson, Frank Robbins, Art Sansom, Howie Schneider, Noel Sickles, Ted Shearer, Al Smith, Otto Soglow, Cliff Sterrett, Alex Raymond, Morrie Turner, Mort Walker, Frank Willard, Graham Wilson, and as you can see, all are American Cartoonists.


HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU'VE SEEN YOUR WIFE, RAVEN?
VANDER SPOOL
38 DAYS, WARDEN!
WELL, THAT'S GONNA CHANGE... TOMORROW IT'LL BE 39 DAYS


WHY IS YOUR CAR PAINTED RED ON ONE SIDE AND WHITE ON THE OTHER SIDE?
WELL, YOU OUGHT TO HEAR THE WITNESSES CONTRADICT EACH OTHER WHEN I GET INTO A WRECK AND THEN TRY TO TELL THE JUDGE WHAT COLOR CAR I WAS DRIVING.
VANDER SPOOL

For Klaas, the fifties were wonderful golden years, those he remembers best are Elvis Presley, Bill Haley, Pat Boone, Louis Armstrong, Bing Crosby, Frankieboy Sinatra and some of Walt Disney's great films, Peter Pan, Alice in Wonderland and Lady and the Tramp.

He is currently working for a German Syndicate with "Circus Puddingknee" that he enjoys very much and has worked for many other syndicates, including Italian, German, Swiss, Austrian, Swedish, Finnish and Dutch and has had many commercial assignments, amoung them , calendars, booklets and advertisements, but his favorite is "The Raven", that he trying to syndicate in America now.

*When asked if he had any advice for a newcommer, Klaas replied, "study, study, study! Look to the big men in the business and read books, like the ones mentioned in the article. or take a correspondence course from Cartoonists' Exchange, Cartoonerama, or a school like the one Joe Kubert recently started.*o

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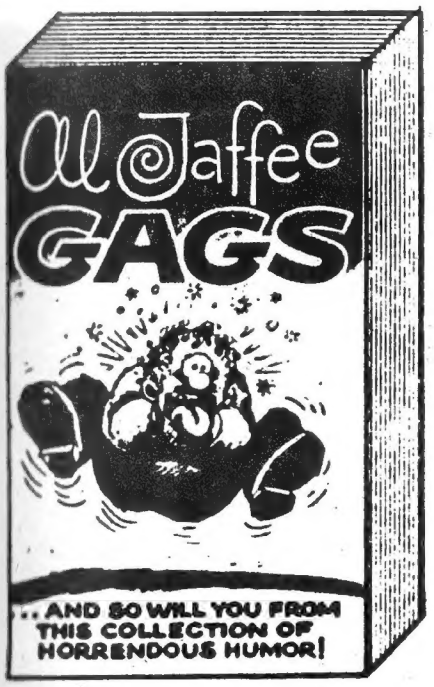

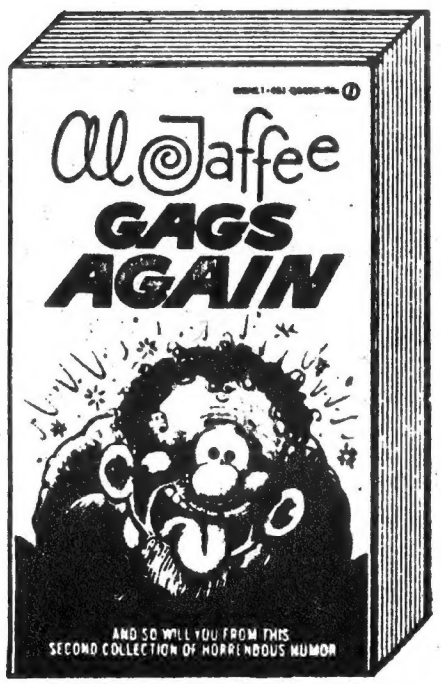

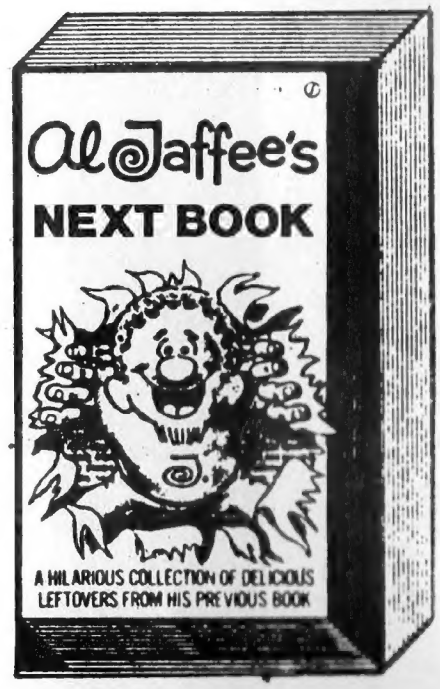

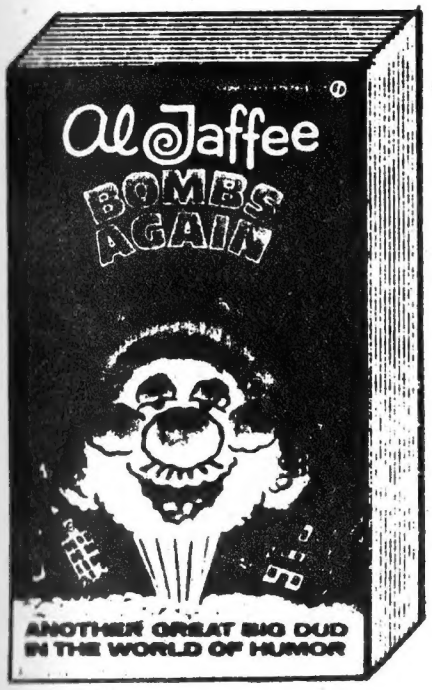

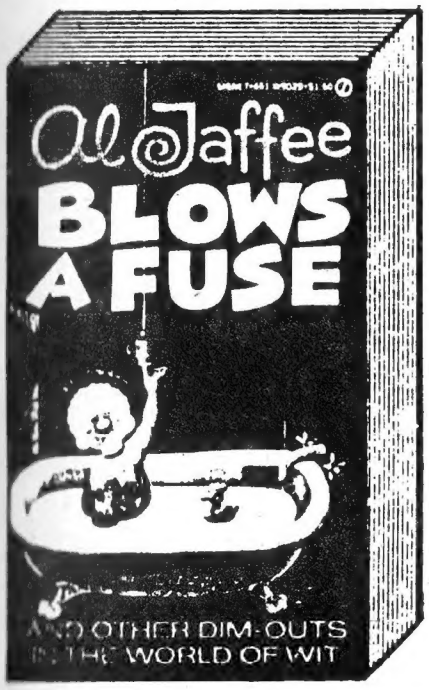

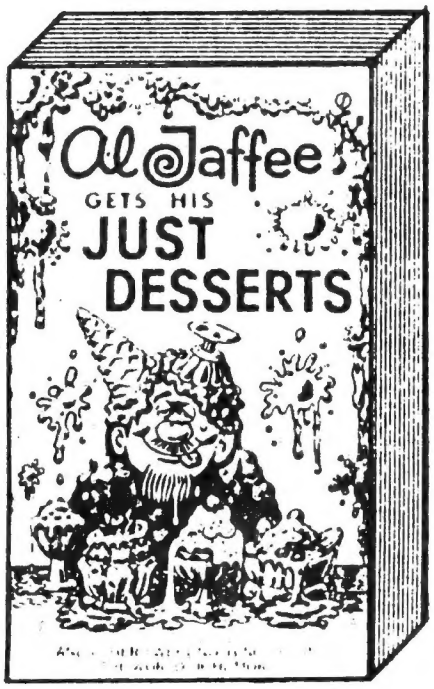

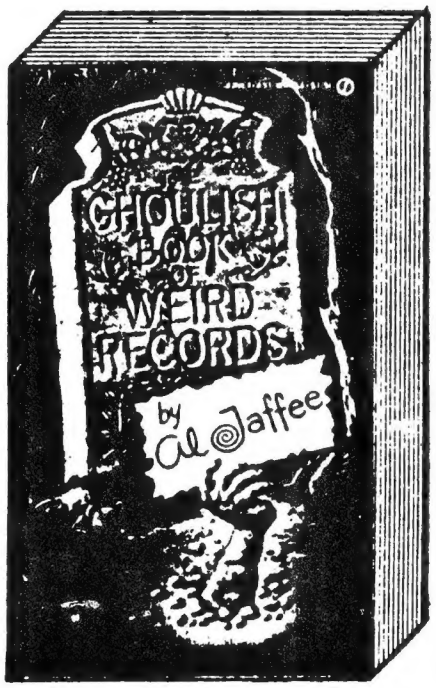

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